

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1318.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1842.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arbly.
Vol. III. Colburn.

A PORTRAIT of Queen Charlotte, from the well-known picture by Gainsborough, is appropriately prefixed to this, as we anticipated, by far the most interesting, and entertaining too, of these pleasant volumes. It lets us into the interior of a court, and gives us every particular of the daily routine of that, apparently, most tiresome and disagreeable of lives. Perhaps it is not so bad in our time as it was in the preceding generation; for the greater ease in dress, which has permeated over society, must, to a certain degree, have reached the highest circles within the atmosphere of royalty. But still, we dare say, there are enough of changing, and waiting, and standing, and fidgeting, and shifting, and beautifying, and etiquette, and observance of every sort,—how to look, walk, ride, smile, bow, curtsy, sidle, whisper, &c. &c., to render the whole (except for the honour) exceedingly fatiguing and “monstrous dull.” Of such matters, even in the good old times of King George and Queen Charlotte, with their strong domestic attachments and amiable family growing up around them, with their eminent good nature and considerate feelings towards every one within their sphere, the half-jocular, half-serious satires in the attendants’ tea-room of one of the favourite equerries, Colonel Goldsworthy, afford some amusing descriptions. After a discussion about an erroneously delivered message, Miss Burney says:—

“I mentioned the constant summons brought me by John every afternoon. He lifted up his hands and eyes, and protested most solemnly he had never sent a single one. ‘I vow, ma’am,’ cried the colonel, ‘I would not have taken such a liberty on any account; though all the comfort of my life, in this house, is one half-hour in a day spent in this room. After all one’s labours, riding, and walking, and standing, and bowing—what a life it is! Well; it’s honour! that’s one comfort; it’s all honour! royal honour!—one has the honour to stand till one has not a foot left, and to ride till one’s stiff, and to walk till one’s ready to drop,—and then one makes one’s lowest bow, d’ye see, and blesses one’s self with joy for the honour!’ This is his style of rattle, when perfectly at his ease, pleased with every individual in his company, and completely in good humour. But the moment he sees any one that he fears or dislikes, he assumes a look of glum distance and sullenness, and will not utter a word, scarcely even in answer. He is warmly and faithfully attached to the king and all the royal family; yet his favourite theme, in his very best moods, is complaint of his attendance, and murmuring at all its ceremonials. This, however, is merely for sport and oddity; for he is a man of fortune, and would certainly relinquish his post if it were not to his taste. His account of his own hardships and sufferings here, in the discharge of his duty, is truly comic. ‘How do you like it, ma’am?’ he says to me, ‘though it’s hardly fair to ask you yet, because you know almost nothing of the joys of this sort of life. But wait

till November and December, and then you’ll get a pretty taste of them!’ Running along in these cold passages; then bursting into rooms fit to bake you; then back again into all these agreeable puffs!—Bless us! I believe in my heart there’s wind enough in these passages to carry a man of war! And there you’ll have your share, ma’am, I promise you that! you’ll get knocked up in three days, take my word for that.’ I begged him not to prognosticate so much evil for me. ‘O ma’am, there’s no help for it!’ cried he; ‘you won’t have the hunting, to be sure, nor amusing yourself with wading a foot and a half through the dirt, by way of a little pleasant walk, as we poor equerries do! It’s a wonder to me we outlive the first month. But the agreeable puffs of the passages you will have just as completely as any of us. Let’s see, how many blasts must you have every time you go to the queen? First, one upon your opening your door; then another as you get down the three steps from it, which are exposed to the wind from the garden-door downstairs; then a third as you turn the corner to enter the passage; then you come plump upon another from the hall-door; then comes another, fit to knock you down, as you turn to the upper passage; then, just as you turn towards the queen’s room, comes another; and last, a whiff from the king’s stairs, enough to blow you half a mile off!’ ‘Mere healthy breezes,’ I cried, and assured him I did not fear them. ‘Stay till Christmas,’ cried he, with a threatening air, ‘only stay till then, and let’s see what you’ll say to them; you’ll be laid up as sure as fate! you may take my word for that. One thing, however, pray let me caution you about—don’t go to early prayers in November; if you do, that will completely kill you! Oh, ma’am, you know nothing yet of all these matters!—only pray, joking apart, let me have the honour just to advise you this one thing, or else it’s all over with you, I do assure you!’ It was in vain I begged him to be more merciful in his prophecies; he failed not every night to administer to me the same pleasant anticipations. ‘When the princesses,’ cried he, ‘used to it as they are, get regularly knocked up before this business is over, off they drop, one by one:—first the queen deserts us; then Princess Elizabeth is done for; then Princess Royal begins coughing; then Princess Augusta gets the snuffles; and all the poor attendants, my poor sister at their head, drop off, one after another, like so many snuffs of candles; till, at last, dwindle, dwindle, dwindle—not a soul goes to the chapel but the king, the parson, and myself; and there we three freeze it out together!’ One evening, when he had been out very late hunting with the king, he assumed so doleful an air of weariness, that had not Miss P— exerted her utmost powers to revive him, he would not have uttered a word the whole night; but when once brought forward, he gave us more entertainment than ever, by relating his hardships. ‘After all the labours,’ cried he, ‘of the chase, all the riding, the trotting, the galloping, the leaping, the—with your favour, ladies, I beg pardon, I was going to say a strange word, but the—perspiration,—and—and all that—after being wet through over head, and soused through under feet, and popped into ditches, and jerked

over gates, what lives we do lead! Well, it’s all honour! that’s my only comfort! Well, after all this, fagging away like mad from eight in the morning to five or six in the afternoon, home we come, looking like so many drowned rats, with not a dry thread about us, nor a morsel within us—sore to the very bone, and forced to smile all the time! and then, after all this, what do you think follows?—‘Here, Goldsworthy,’ cries his majesty: so up I come to him, bowing profoundly, and my hair dripping down to my shoes. ‘Goldsworthy,’ cries his majesty. ‘Sir,’ says I, smiling agreeably, with the rheumatism just creeping all over me; but still, expecting something a little comfortable, I wait patiently to know his gracious pleasure; and then, ‘Here, Goldsworthy, I say!’ he cries, ‘will you have a little barley-water?’ Barley-water in such a plight as that! Fine compensation for a wet jacket, truly!—barley-water! I never heard of such a thing in my life! barley-water after a whole day’s hard hunting!’ ‘And, pray, did you drink it?’ ‘I drink it!—drink barley-water? no, no; not come to that, neither! But there it was, sure enough!—in a jug fit for a sick-room; just such a thing as you put upon a hob in a chimney for some poor, miserable soul that keeps his bed! just such a thing as that!—And, ‘Here, Goldsworthy,’ says his majesty, ‘here’s the barley-water!’ ‘And did the king drink it himself?’ ‘Yes, God bless his majesty! but I was too humble a subject to do the same as the king!—Barley-water, quoth I!—Ha! ha!—a fine treat, truly! Heaven defend me! I’m not come to that, neither! bad enough, too; but not so bad as that.’ This sort of sport and humour, however, which, when uttered by himself, is extremely diverting, all ceases wholly if the smallest thing happens to disconcert him. The entrance of any person unexpected by him was always sufficient, not merely to silence, but obviously to displease him. If Madame de la Fite came, his mouth was closed, and his brows were knit; and he looked as if even ill used by her entrance.”

Here is another little piece:

“After this he said, ‘You have now nearly seen the whole of every thing that will come before you: in a very short time, you will have passed six months here; and then you will know your life for as many, and twice and thrice as many years. You will have seen every body and every thing; and the same round will still be the same, year after year, without intermission or alteration.’”

And the following is, if possible, more characteristic of the court, its manners, its sufferings, and its servants:

“Some one now by chance named Mrs. Ariana Egerton, the bedchamber-woman; and Miss P— said she now sent in her name in that manner, as she must no longer be called Miss, from her present office. ‘Mrs. what?’ cried Colonel Goldsworthy, ‘Mrs. Ariana? what name is that?’ ‘Why, it’s her name,’ said Miss P—; ‘she writes it upon her cards.’ ‘Ariana?’ repeated he, ‘I never heard the like in my life! Why I no more believe—that will these folks tell us next! It’s nobody’s name under the sun, I’ll be bound for it. All the world put together shan’t make me believe

it. Ariana, forsooth! why it must be a nickname! depend upon it it's nothing else. There, at my poor miserable bachelor's cell in the Mews, I've got a boy that says his name is Methusalem; he comes from Windsor too! Heaven help the poor people! if they are but near a court, it turns their heads directly. I had the boy only out of the stable, just by the bottom of the garden, yet he told me his name was Methusalem! A likely matter, truly, ha! ha! I'll be sworn his name is no other than Jack! 'Pray,' cried I, 'what do you call him for short?' 'Why, ma'am, that was a great difficulty to me at first: I'd have called him Me, for shortest; but I thought the people would all laugh, and say, Ah, poor gentleman, it's all over with him now! he's calling himself when he wants his man! and then I thought of Thusy. Thusy sounds soft and pretty enough; but I thought it is like a woman's name—Susy; to be sure, thinks I, they'll all suppose I mean one of the maids; and then again, Ah, say they, the poor gentleman's certainly cracked! nothing else would make him behave so comical! And then I thought of Lem. But it's quite too much for me to settle such a set of hard long names!' In this manner he ran on, till General Budé reminded him it was time they should appear in the concert-room. 'Ay,' cried he, reluctantly, 'now for the fiddlers! There I go, plant myself against the side of the chimney, stand first on one foot, then on the other, hear over and over again all that fine squeaking, and then fall fast asleep, and escape by mere miracle from flouncing down plump in all their faces!' 'What would the queen say if you did that?' 'O, ma'am, the queen would know nothing of the matter; she'd only suppose it some old double-bass that tumbled.' 'Why, could not she see what it was?' 'O no! ma'am, we are never in the room with the queen! that's the drawing-room, beyond, where the queen sits; we go no farther than the fiddling-room. As to the queen, we don't see her week after week sometimes. The king, indeed, comes there to us, between whiles, though that's all as it happens, now Price is gone. He used to play at backgammon with Price.' 'Then what do you do there?' 'Just what I tell you—nothing at all, but stand as furniture! But the worst is, sometimes, when my poor eye-peepers are not quite closed, I look to the music-books to see what's coming; and there I read 'Chorus of Virgins': so then, when they begin, I look about me. A chorus of virgins, indeed! why there's nothing but ten or a dozen fiddlers! not a soul beside! it's as true as I'm alive! So then, when we've stood supporting the chimney-piece about two hours, why then, if I'm not called upon, I shuffle out of the room, make a profound bow to the harpsichord, and I'm off.'"

How much Miss Burney participated in these merrily expressed sketches of *emmi* may be gathered from her own reflections, in sickness, after the experience of nearly a year's employment.

"The four days of my confinement from the fever, after the pain, were days of meditation the most useful: I reflected upon all my mental sufferings in the last year; their cause seemed inadequate to their poignancy. In the hour of sickness and confinement, the world, in losing its attractions, forfeits its regrets: a new train of thinking, a new set of ideas, took possession

of all my faculties; a steady plan, calm, yet no longer sad, deliberately formed itself in my mind: my affliction was already subdued; I now banished also discontent. I found myself as well off, upon reflection, as I could possibly be; and better, by comparison, than most of those around me. The beloved friends of my own heart had joined me unalterably, inviolably to theirs. Who, in number—who, in kindness, has more? Now, therefore, I took shame to myself, and resolved to be happy. And my success has shewn me how far less chimerical than it appears is such a resolution. To be patient under two disappointments, now no longer recent—to relinquish, without repining, frequent intercourse with those I love—to settle myself in my monastery, without one idea of ever quitting it—to study for the approbation of my lady-abbess, and make it a principal source of content, as well as spring of action—and to associate more cheerily with my surrounding nuns and monks,—these were the articles which were to support my resolution. I thank God I can tell my dearest friends I have observed them all; and from the date of this illness to the time in which I am now drawing out my memorandums, I can safely affirm I know not that I have made one break with myself in a single promise here projected. And now, I thank God, the task is at an end: what I began from principle, and pursued from resolution, is now a mere natural conduct. My destiny is fixed, and my mind is at ease;—nay, I even think, upon the whole, that my lot is, altogether, the best that can betide me, except for one flaw in its very vitals, which subjects me, at times, to a tyranny wholly subversive of all power of tranquillity."

The last allusion is to the conduct of Mrs. Schwellenberg, whose patronising style, and way of shewing her power, were most unpalatable to the Diarist. She was, however, happily relieved from both during a considerable portion of the time with which these pages are occupied, the old German favourite being confined to London by indisposition, whilst the royal family were at Windsor and Kew; and Miss Burney, consequently, mistress of her own suite of apartments and rooms, in which she had small parties to dinner, and generally received the equerries and others to tea in the evening. We may state, that their majesties' quiet droppings-in on these occasions furnish much of the interesting gossip with which the *Diary* is filled. We will select a few traits, not connectedly, but as they occur in order of date.

"Not only to the sweet queen, but to myself, let me here do justice, in declaring that, though I entered her presence with a heart filled with every thing but herself, I quitted it with sensations much softened. The condescension of her efforts to quiet me, and the elegance of her receiving me thus, as a visitor, without naming to me a single direction, without even the most distant hint of business, struck me to shew so much delicacy as well as graciousness, that I quitted her with a very deep sense of her goodness, and a very strong conviction that she merited every exertion on my part to deserve it."

"Mrs. Schwellenberg, since the first week, has never come down in a morning at all. The queen's dress is finished by Mrs. Thielky and myself. No maid ever enters the room while the queen is in it. Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. 'Tis fortunate for me I have not the handing them! I should never know which to take first, I'm embarrassed as I am; and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the

hoop, and the fan before the neckerchief. By eight o'clock, or a little after—for she is extremely expeditious—she is dressed. She then goes out to join the king, and be joined by the princesses, and they all proceed to the king's chapel in the Castle to prayers, attended by the governesses of the princesses, and the king's equerry. Various others at times attend; but only these indispensably. I then return to my own room to breakfast."

When I came in to dress, John told me Mr. Dundas was waiting to see me. Mr. Dundas is the household apothecary at Kew. I wanted him not officially; but I knew Miss Cambridge, who sees him continually, intended desiring him to call, that she might hear an account of me from somebody's 'live voice.' Though inconvenient, therefore, I admitted him; but I did not ask him to sit down, nor encourage him to stay a moment. He is a sensible and worthy man, Miss Cambridge says, and behaved so well, so humanely and attentively to her long-suffering Kitty, that her affectionate heart has been bound to him for ever. When I went to the queen before dinner, the little princess Amelia was with her; and, though shy of me at first, we afterwards made a very pleasant acquaintance. She is a most lively little thing, just three years old, and full of sense, spirit, and playful prettiness; yet decorous and dignified when called upon to appear *en princess* to any strangers, as if conscious of her high rank, and of the importance of condescendingly sustaining it. 'Tis amazing what education can do, in the earliest years, to those of quick understandings. This little princess, thus in infancy, by practice and example, taught her own consequence, conducts herself, upon all proper occasions, with an air of dignity that is quite astonishing, though her natural character seems all sport and humour. When we became a little acquainted, the queen desired me to take her by the hand, and carry her downstairs to the king, who was waiting for her in the garden. She trusted herself to me with a grave and examining look, and shewed me, for I knew it not, the way. The king, who dotes upon her, seemed good-humouredly pleased to see me bring her. He took her little hand, and led her away."

"The Kew life, you will perceive, is different from the Windsor. As there are no early prayers, the queen rises later; and as there is no form or ceremony here of any sort, her dress is plain, and the hour for the second toilette extremely uncertain. The royal family are here always in so very retired a way, that they live as the simplest country gentlefolks. The king has not even an equerry with him, nor the queen any lady to attend her when she goes her airings."

"This morning, before church, Miss Planta was sent to me by the queen for some snuff, to be mixed as before: when I had prepared it, I carried it, as directed, to her majesty's dressing-room. I turned round the lock; for that, not rapping at the door, is the mode of begging admission; and she called out to me to come in. I found her reading aloud some religious book; but I could not discover what, to the three eldest princesses. Miss Planta was in waiting. She continued after my entrance, only motioning to me that the snuff might be put in a box upon the table. I did not execute my task very expeditiously; for I was glad of this opportunity of witnessing the maternal piety with which she enforced, in voice and expression, every sentence that contained any lesson that might be useful to her royal daughters. She reads extremely well, with great force, clearness, and meaning. Just

* Another example:—"Major Price, who was in waiting for the king at the head of a great staircase just out of the gallery, made me also his bow; but is ever scrupulously attentive not to utter a syllable either in the sight or in the hearing of the king or queen."

as I had slowly finished my commission, the king entered. She then stopped, and rose; so instantly did the princesses. He had a letter in his hand open: he said something to the queen in German, and they left the room together; but he turned round from the door, and first spoke to me, with a good-humoured laugh, saying, 'Miss Burney, I hear you cook snuff very well!' 'Cook snuff!' repeated the princess Augusta, laughing, and coming up to me the moment they left the room. 'Pray, Miss Burney, let me have one pinch!' The princess Elizabeth ran up to me also, exclaiming, 'Miss Burney, I hope you hate snuff? I hope you do; for I hate it of all things in the world.'

"I cannot here help mentioning a very interesting little scene, at which I was present, about this time. The queen had nobody but myself with her one morning, when the king hastily entered the room, with some letters in his hand, and addressing her in German, which he spoke very fast, and with much apparent interest in what he said, he brought the letters up to her, and put them into her hand. She received them with much agitation, but evidently of a much pleased sort, and endeavoured to kiss his hand as he held them. He would not let her; but made an effort, with a countenance of the highest satisfaction, to kiss hers. I saw instantly in her eyes a forgetfulness, at the moment, that any one was present, while, drawing away her hand, she presented him her cheek. He, accepted her kindness with the same frank affection that she offered it; and the next moment they both spoke English, and talked upon common and general subjects. What they said, I am far enough from knowing; but the whole was too rapid to give me time to quit the room; and I could not but see with pleasure that the queen had received some favour with which she was sensibly delighted, and that the king, in her acknowledgments, was happily and amply paid."

The return of the Duke of York (Aug. 1787), after a seven years' absence, displays the king in a delightful point of view.

"I saw him (says Miss Burney) alight from his carriage, with an eagerness, a vivacity, that assured me of the affectionate joy with which he returned to his country and family. But the joy of his excellent father!—O, that there is no describing it! It was the glee of the first youth—nay, of ardent and innocent infancy,—so pure it seemed, so warm, so open, so unmixed! Softer joy was the queen's—mild, equal, and touching; while all the princesses were in one universal rapture. It was a happy day throughout: no one could forbear the strongest hopes that the long-earned, long-due recompense of paternal kindness and goodness was now to be amply paid. To have the pleasure of seeing the royal family in this happy assemblage, I accompanied Miss P— on the terrace. It was indeed an affecting sight to view the general content; but that of the king went to my very heart, so delighted he looked—so proud of his son—so benevolently pleased that every one should witness his satisfaction. . . . Early the next morning arrived the Prince of Wales, who had travelled all night from Brighthelmston. The day was a day of complete happiness to the whole of the royal family; the king was in one transport of delight, unceasing, invariable; and though the newly-arrived duke was its source and support, the kindness of his heart extended and expanded to his eldest-born, whom he seemed ready again to take to his paternal breast; indeed, the whole world seemed endeared to him by the happiness he now felt in it."

Here is an awful courtly adventure.

"At near one o'clock in the morning, while the wardrobe-woman was pinning up the queen's hair, there was a sudden rap-tap at the dressing-room door. Extremely surprised, I looked at the queen, to see what should be done; she did not speak. I had never heard such a sound before; for at the royal doors there is always a particular kind of scratch used, instead of tapping. I heard it, however, again,—and the queen called out, 'What is that?' I was really startled, not conceiving who could take so strange a liberty as to come to the queen's apartment without the announcing of a page; and no page, I was very sure, would make such a noise. Again the sound was repeated, and more smartly. I grew quite alarmed, imagining some serious evil at hand, either regarding the king or some of the princesses. The queen, however, bid me open the door. I did; but what was my surprise to see there a large man, in an immense wrapping greatcoat, buttoned up round his chin, so that he was almost hid between cape and hat! I stood quite motionless for a moment; but he, as if also surprised, drew back; I felt quite sick with sudden terror—I really thought some ruffian had broke into the house, or a madman. 'Who is it?' cried the queen. 'I do not know, ma'am,' I answered. 'Who is it?' she called aloud; and then, taking off his hat, entered the Prince of Wales! The queen laughed very much; so did I too, happy in this unexpected explanation. He told her eagerly, he merely came to inform her there were the most beautiful northern lights to be seen that could possibly be imagined, and begged her to come to the gallery-windows."

With one brief piquant anecdote more, we will close our extracts on this branch of the subject. Miss Burney had frequently been the medium of presenting petitions for charitable bequests to the Queen, and was finally advised to let them come through the proper official channel, the Lord Chamberlain; and she relates,—

"Since this time I have ventured no more to interfere; but I have had several very afflictive scenes with those whom I have been compelled to refuse. Nothing can be more painful; yet the poor queen is so overwhelmed with these prayers and pleadings, that she touched me much by saying, upon this very occasion—'If I listen to many more, I must want a pension for myself!'"

Besides the annoyances to which the writer was subjected from Mrs. Schwellenberg, she seems to have suffered a curious sort of distress from the passionate declarations of a Mr. Turbulent (well worthy of his name), a married man and a clergyman, who to great talent united strange eccentricity and extraordinary opinions. His sayings and doings occupy a prominent place in the *Diary*; but we have not room to go into them: they would be as long as a court-toilette (and the toilette-making in these days of powder and towering curls was a prodigious bore), and as varying as court-jealousies, which, we presume, are pretty much alike in all times.

Mr. Smelt, their old tutor, appears to have been sadly afraid that the Duke of York would get amongst rather dissolute company, and bad example, from his reunion with his elder brother. In the number of his *attachés*, Miss Burney tells a good deal about Bunbury, the celebrated caricaturist; and two paragraphs "therein" are so remarkable, that we note their essence in italics. At one of the tea-table miscellanies, she says:—

"Col. Gwynn briefly presented the prince's

three colonels, St. Leger, Hulse, and Lake, to me; but the idea I had preconceived of them very much unfitted me for doing the honours, and I am sensible I acquitted myself very ill. Mrs. Delany, the Duke of Montagu, and Signor del Campo, sat near me; and with those alone I could attempt any conversation. To my great amazement, the celebrated Colonel St. Leger, with his friend Colonel Lake, sat wholly silent, with an air of shy distance, that seemed to shew them ill at ease. I had expected they would at least have amused themselves apart, which they always do when the right lady is *présidente* (Mrs. Schwellenberg); but I should not wonder to hear it explained by their *fearing they might be inserted in a book*. Here, however, it may be no bad thing to be little enough known for so unjust a suspicion." * * * On his introduction—"I whispered my inquiry to Col. Gwynn, as soon as I found an opportunity, and heard, 'Yes,—'tis Harry Bunbury, sure enough.' So now we may all be caricatured at his leisure! He is made another of the *equerries to the duke*. A man with such a turn, and with talents so inimitable in displaying it, was a rather dangerous character to be brought within a court!"

Now, note the difference! Here is "the book"—but where are "the caricatures?"

The home-history of the Peg Nicholson affair exhibits all the royal family in a charming light; and the anecdotes of several distinguished persons, who came under the writer's observation, give a great zest to her work. Among these, Herschel, brother and sister, the "Minstrel" Beattie, Mrs. Siddons, Bryant, and others, flourish; and of the last named, the stories are very amusing.

"So notorious is his great fondness for studying and proving the truths of the creation according to Moses, that he told me himself, and with much quaint humour, a pleasantry of one of his friends in giving a character of him: 'Bryant,' said he, 'is a very good scholar, and knows all things whatever up to Noah; but not a single thing in the world beyond the deluge.'" * *

"Mr. Turbulent and Miss Plante came to dinner, and it was very cheerful. Ere it was over, John told me somebody wanted me. I desired they might be shewn to my room till the things were removed; but, as these were some time taking away, I called John to let me know who it was. 'The Princess Royal, ma'am,' was his answer, with perfect ease. Up I started, ashamed and eager, and flew to her royal highness instantly; and I found her calmly and quietly waiting, shut up in my room, without any candles, and almost wholly in the dark, except from the light of the fire. I made all possible apologies, and doubled and trebled them upon her smilingly saying, 'I would not let them tell you who it was, nor hurry you; for I know 'tis so disagreeable to be called away in the middle of dinner!' And then, to reconcile me to the little accident, she took hold of both my hands. She came to me from the queen about the Paston Letters, which John had carried to the right page. . . . Very soon after came the king, who entered into a gay disquisition with Mr. Bryant upon his school-achievements; to which he answered with a readiness and simplicity highly entertaining: 'You were an Etonian, Mr. Bryant,' said the king; 'but pray, for what were you most famous at school?' We all expected, from the celebrity of his scholarship, to hear him answer his—Latin exercises: but no such thing! 'Cudgelling, sir. I was most famous for that.' While a general laugh followed this speech, he very gravely proceeded to particularise his feats; though, unless you could see the diminutive figure, the weak,

thin, feeble, little frame, whence issued the proclamation of his prowess, you can but very inadequately judge of the comic effect of his big talk. 'Your majesty, sir, knows General Conway? I broke his head for him, sir.' The shout which ensued did not at all interfere with the steadiness of his further detail. 'And there's another man, sir, a great stout fellow, sir, as ever you saw—Dr. Gibbon of the Temple; I broke his head too, sir. I don't know if he remembers it.' The king afterwards inquired about his present family, meaning his dogs, which he is famed for breeding and preserving. 'Why, sir,' he answered, 'I have now only twelve. Once, I recollect, when your majesty was so gracious as to ask me about them, I happened to have twenty-two; and so I told you, sir. Upon my word, sir, it made me very uneasy afterwards when I came to reflect upon it; I was afraid your majesty might think I presumed to joke!' The king then asked him for some account of the Marlborough family, with which he is very particularly connected; and desired to know which among the young Lady Spencers was his favourite. 'Upon my word, sir, I like them all! Lady Elizabeth is a charming young lady—I believe, sir, I am most in her favour; I don't know why, sir. But I happened to write a letter to the duke, sir, that she took a fancy to; I don't know the reason, sir, but she begged it. I don't know what was in the letter, sir—I could never find out; but she took a prodigious fancy to it, sir.' The king laughed heartily, and supposed there might be some compliments to herself in it. 'Upon my word, sir,' cried he, 'I am afraid your majesty will think I was in love with her; but indeed, sir, I don't know what was in the letter.' Dr. H— also was talked over, and some of his peculiarities, of which it seems he has many, in matters of religion. 'Upon my word, sir,' cried Mr. Bryant, 'he is never of the same mind upon these points for four days together;—now he's one way, now another, always unsettled and changing, and never satisfied nor fixed. I tell him, as his religion was made before him, and not he before his religion, he ought to take it as he finds it, and be content to fit himself to that, not expect that to fit itself to him.' The converse went on in the same style, and the king was so much entertained by Mr. Bryant, that he stayed almost the whole evening. The queen sent for Mr. Bryant, and all the party dispersed soon after."

We need not, we are sure, cudgel our brains any further to demonstrate that this publication is amply fulfilling our first judgment upon it, and entitling itself to a niche on the library-shelf with Horace Walpole and Jamie Boswell.

Creoleana; or, Social and Domestic Scenes and Incidents in Barbados in days of yore. By J. W. Orderson, of Barbados. 12mo, pp. 246. London, Saunders and Otley.

A SPECIMEN of Barbadoean literature is too great a novelty and curiosity to be received otherwise than with good-humour; though its pretensions are not of a high order, and its reference is to a date a little past. In former times the author was complimented by Wilberforce, and quoted by Hone; and now, in his elder years, he is welcome to both from the *Literary Gazette*. The story unfolds many traits of West-Indian society and manners, and none of it seems to be invention. Fairfield a planter, his wife, his daughter (the heroine), and another daughter, a child of colour, previous to his marriage; Oldacre, his wife, and his son (the hero),—are the principal

characters; and the fate of their families is the staple of the narrative, which is, however, diversified by the introduction of many other personages evidently drawn from actual life. One of them is no less than our late worthy king, William IV., who in his youthful days performed sundry naval frolics on the other side of the Atlantic. One freak is thus described by Mr. Orderson:

"It was about this period when Prince William Henry arrived in the island, and set all its gaieties and hospitalities in full play, kissing the pretty girls in the ball-room, &c. &c. Rachael Polgreen then kept this [the *Royal Naval*] hotel, which, indeed, she had built; and she conferred on it its distinguished name in consequence of His Royal Highness Prince William Henry, who then commanded the *Pegasus* frigate, having made this hotel his temporary abode when on shore. It will not lead us far from our subject, if whilst Mr. Brushwood refreshes himself, we here introduce our readers to the celebrated hostess of this hotel, and give a short sketch of her remarkable history. 'Miss Rachael,' as *par excellence* she was called (the prefix being then rarely given to black or coloured women), was the daughter and slave of the notorious William Lauder, a Scotch schoolmaster, who with equal effrontery and ingenuity had represented Milton as a plagiary; and this he did with such success as to induce great Dr. Johnson to write a preface to the work, exposing the supposed literary dishonesty of our immortal bard! Detection, however, of this gross imposition was not long delayed, and the exposure of the unworthy pedagogue immediately ensued. His friends disgusted, and the literary world incensed, he was compelled to quit his country, and he sought shelter in Barbados. For a short time he kept a grammar-school; but not succeeding therein, he opened a huckster's shop in the Roebuck, which he conducted with the aid of an African woman whom he had purchased, and by whom he had our celebrated hostess of the 'Royal Naval Hotel.' Lauder's conduct to his offspring is a damning proof how debasing to the human mind is the power given us over our fellow-creatures by holding them in bondage! The ties of consanguinity were all merged in the authority of the master, and he saw but the slave in his own daughter! She was not a very fair mulatto, but had rather wiry than woolly hair, and in her juvenile days was a remarkably well-made, good-looking girl, possessing altogether charms that touched not the heart, but awakened the libidinous desires of her disgraceful and sinful parent, who made many—but to her eternal honour be it spoken—unsuccessful attempts on her chastity. This vulgar, unnatural, and wretched brute, irritated and enraged at her repulses, ordered the unhappy Rachael into the hands of the 'jumper.' Poor girl! we here see 'the accursed thing,' slavery, blighting and uprooting every Christian principle, that teaches us 'to do unto others as we would they should do unto us;' but we also see here the timely interposition of Divine mercy rescuing an innocent and helpless victim from the hands of oppression. She was already 'tucked up,' in the indecorous manner of those days, and the brutal hand of the mercenary whipper, armed with the fatal 'cowskin,' stretched forth to lay on the pitying merciless lash, when a British tar—a gallant seaman—rushed on the relentless executioner, seized the whip from his grasp, and rescuing his panting victim, carried her off in triumph amidst the cheers of a thronging multitude! And who was this British tar?—this gallant seaman?—None other, no less

a person than that celebrated hero, Captain Pringle of the Centaur, who, not many years after, by as singular an interposition of Divine Providence, was rescued from shipwreck. Lauder, irritated and provoked that his victim had thus escaped, and viewing her but as a slave, sought redress of the captain, by arresting him on the 'detinue act.' But our hero's benevolence and generosity did not cease here: Capt. Pringle, to satisfy the demands of this mercenary wretch, purchased the girl at an extortionate price, and satisfying the claims of the law, emancipated her. It may perhaps be considered but as a venial error, for which he may be excused, that his 'protection' of this interesting young creature (not then eighteen) did not cease here. He established her in a small house at the lower end of the town, which by her industry was afterwards enlarged, and ultimately became the celebrated hotel of which we have spoken, and the temporary residence of a British prince, who subsequently became sovereign of the United Kingdom. Not a vestige of this hotel now remains. We now return to Rachael, who dropped the hateful name of Lauder,—who, we may as well add here, died some few years after the above event in wretchedness and contempt—a striking admonition, we hope, to some yet equally criminal wretches!—and took that of Pringle; but unfortunately for her reputation, being too anxious to strengthen her influence over her benefactor, she contrived to deceive him by assuming the appearance of that 'state which ladies who love their lords like to be in,' and went so far as to present him, on one of his returns from a cruise, with a smiling 'little cherub' as the offspring of their loves! Unluckily, however, for Rachael's scheme, the real mother of the infant, feeling those yearnings which nature has so deeply implanted in the maternal breast, demanded back her child, and made such clamour and uproar, that the imposition coming to the captain's ears, the child was restored to its rightful parent, and he consequently broke off all further intercourse with the faithless Rachael. Soon after this, Captain Pringle sailed for Jamaica; and it was on his homeward-bound voyage from that island, that the Centaur foundered at sea, and her gallant commander, with eight or nine of his surviving crew, after encountering unparalleled sufferings in the long-boat, at length reached England in safety. The volatile Rachael, however, was not long without a 'protector'; a gentleman of the name of Polgreen succeeded to the possession of her charms, and gave that addition to her cognomen, which distinguished her ever after as 'Rachael Polgreen.' She had 'now about' (as Moore says in his *Almanack*) given those symptoms of *embonpoint* that progressively ballooned to those dimensions which in due time so amply filled her great arm-chair, and which many among us must at this time well remember. We cannot here resist giving an anecdote of the Prince and Rachael, which will furnish some speculation on the character of both. His royal highness had dined with the mess of the 49th regiment, then on this station, and returning to the hotel in the evening, more than 'half-seas over,' accompanied by some of the choice spirits of the corps, he commenced a royal frolic by breaking the furniture, &c., and with the aid of his boon companions carried on the sport with such activity, that in a couple of hours every article was completely demolished—the very beds cut up, and their contents emptied into the street, and the whole neighbourhood strewn with the feathers, re-

presenting a mimic snow-storm! Crack went the pier-glasses, pictures, chandeliers, and lamps; smash went the decanters, goblets, wine-glasses, porcelain and crockery—all, all went in the general havoc, while the sly and cunning Rachael sat quite passive in her great arm-chair at the entrance-door of the hotel. Servant after servant came running to announce to her the destruction that was going on; but the stoical hostess moved not! It was all the same to her; and there she sat untroubled, and as if glued to the huge chair! She would, as each fresh communication was made, reply with perfect nonchalance, 'Go, go long, man, da' no king's son! If he no do wha' he please, who d'en can do'um? Let he lone! lay he muse herself—da no king's son! Bless he heart! Da' no king's son!' and, with many other like expressions of indifference at what was going on, kept her seat as unconcernedly as if her house was in perfect tranquillity. It was, however, now time for the prince to return on board; and as he had literally (in nautical phrase) 'cleared the decks,' he was 'taking his departure,' when, encountering Rachael still occupying the 'gang-way,' he bid her 'good night; and to crown his sport, upset her and chair together, leaving her unwieldy body sprawling in the street, to the ineffable amusement of the laughing crowd. Rachael shewed no ire even; at this; but calling out in her sweetest dulcet tones, 'Mas prince! mas prince, you come ma-morning to see wha' mischief you be do'um'—and after a little floundering and much assistance, she was reseated. The morrow came—Rachael soon heard that the prince was to sail in the evening for Saint Vincent. A clerk was here—a servant there—friends every where throughout the house, taking an inventory of the overnight's destruction; the good dame reserving to herself the privilege of valuing the articles; and before the sun's altitude had been taken on board the Pegasus, one of the satellites of the hotel was on her deck, with 'a full, true, and particular account' of the loss, destruction, and havoc of the preceding evening—accompanied with an humble petition for indemnity—the losses being stated at the trifling sum of 700*l.* sterling! Our generous-hearted tar, with a magnanimity as conspicuous in him after he became sovereign as at this juvenile and sailor-like period of his life, made no question of the correctness of the account, but sent her an order for the amount on Firebrace and Co., merchants of the town, which was duly paid, and 'Miss Rachael' thereby enabled to furnish the 'Royal Naval Hotel' with more splendour than ever."

This extract affords a fair idea of the gossip of the book; and an account of the then droll mode of levying legal processes in the island may be cited as another specimen:

"About this time (says our author) such was the general distress of the landed proprietors, that there were more sugar-plantations, and other extensive places, 'broken up' than had ever been known before, and, we may add, than has taken place since. This arose chiefly from the shameful procrastination of Chancery-suits, it being as improbable at that time that a suitor would live to see his cause terminated as he who planted an acorn should feel it a hundred years hence a sturdy galled oak. The provost-marshal, therefore, generally settled these matters in a more summary way, not always partaking of that benevolent consideration for the unfortunate debtor, which at the present time we see exercised by the gentleman filling that office, and without violating the justice due to the creditor. It

was no unusual practice in these times, when doubts arose as to the priority of executions in the office, for the provost-marshal to decide the question by a foot-race from the clerk's office to his own; the parties interested procuring the fleetest runners they could get, the whole starting together by signal, and the classification was then made according as each runner arrived at the office, and handed in the execution with which he had been entrusted. Many ludicrous scenes occurred on these occasions; and it did not unfrequently happen, that during the contest one-half the runners were laid sprawling in the mud, while the others continued the struggle by vigorous attacks on each other, as chance or skill brought them near; and often many arrived at the goal half stripped of their garments. Curiosity, sometimes blended with interest, seldom failed to collect great crowds in those streets through which the 'racers' had to pass; and much betting was made among the sportsmen."

To match the law, we will give an anecdote of the church.

"Speaking of first impressions at church, brings to my mind a ludicrous circumstance that happened some fifty or sixty years ago at — church. The rector, though a man of profound learning and a great theologian, was of such eccentric habits as often to create a doubt among the vulgar whether he was at all *heres compos mentis*. Having remarked for several successive Sundays a gentleman, who was no parishioner, invariably usurp a seat in a pew next to that in which a young widow-lady had her sitting, he intently eyed them; and at one time detected the gentleman slyly draw the lady's glove from off the back of the pew, where she was accustomed to place it (her hand and arm were delicately fair), and place in it a small neatly folded note. By and by the lady's Prayer-book fell—of course accidentally—from the ledge of her pew into the gentleman's; he picked it up, found a leaf turned down, and he hastily scanned a passage, which evidently caused a smile of complacency. Our minister saw all their sly proceedings, and continued to watch them with scrutinising eye for two successive Sundays. On the third, as soon as the collects were read, and while the beadle yet obsequiously waited to attend him to the chancel, our eccentric pastor, in a strong and distinct voice, said, 'I publish the bans of marriage between M. and N. (deliberately pronouncing the names of the parties); if any of you know just cause,' &c. &c. &c. The eyes of the whole congregation were turned on the widow and our gay Lothario; the lady suffused with blushes, and the gentleman crimsoned with anger; she fanning herself with vehemence, and he opening and shutting the pew-door with rage and violence; the minister meanwhile proceeding through his accustomed duties with the same decorum and ease as if perfectly innocent of the agitation he had excited. The sermon preached, and the service ended, away to the vestry rush the party at the heels of the pastor. 'Who authorised you, sir, to make such a publication of bans?' demanded they both in a breath. 'Authorised me!' said he, with a stare that heightened their confusion. 'Yes, sir, who authorised you?' demanded the gentleman. 'Oh!' said the minister, with a sly glance alternately at each, 'if you don't approve of it, I'll forbid the bans next Sunday.' 'Sir,' said the lady, you have been too officious already; nobody requested you to do any such thing; you had better mind your own business.' 'Why, my pretty dear,' said he, patting her on the cheek, 'what I have done has been

all in the way of business; and if you do not like to wait for three publications, I advise you, sir—turning to the gentleman—to procure the license, the ring, and—the fee, and then the whole matter may be settled as soon as to-morrow.' 'Well!' replied the gentleman, addressing the widow, 'with your permission, I will get them, and we may be married in a day or two.' 'Oh! you may both do as you please,' pettishly, yet nothing loathingly, replied the lady. It was but a day or two after that the license was procured, the parson received his fee, the bridegroom his bride, and the widow, for the last time, threw her gloves over the back of her pew; and it was afterwards said that all parties were satisfied with their gains."

We conclude with a genuine Barbados sketch of symbolical and successful love-making. The hero and heroine have had a long *alfresco* courting-bout in the cool of the evening, and are about to return to the house, when "at the little wicket at the entrance to the orchard, they met the watchman, who, trusty guardian, suffered no one to pilfer but himself, and who bore in his hand a calabash full of choice fruit. This, in the hopes of removing suspicions of his dishonest practices, he presented smilingly, and begged they would select what best pleased them. Our gallant lover, with eyes sparkling with delight, selected a *pomme rose*; and, presenting it playfully to Caroline, said, 'Accept the homage of my adoration, Miss Fairfield, in this apt emblem of those bright charms and soft affections which so richly adorn you, and whose faithful image has so long been enshrined in the depths of my heart.' Caroline's laughing eye beamed with pleasure; and never face that wore a sunny smile blushed more maidenly than hers, when, snatching a *cashew* apple from the same calabash, she presented it to her lover, observing, with sweetest intonation of voice and manner truly fascinating,

'Sweet as noyeau, and as mustard tart—
Soft as melon, and as radish smart.'

'You will find this, Mr. Goldacre, no inapt emblem of yourself: 'tis pleasing to the eye, sir, and no less sweet within; the nut is pungent and warm, and its combined qualities not very unlike Mr. Goldacre's head and heart.' 'You little siren,' exclaimed Goldacre, fondly embracing her, 'I must confess that you have drawn a true picture; but I fear 'tis a little flattered: still, my sweet Caroline, if you will but venture to sip the noyeau and taste the melon, I faithfully promise that neither mustard nor radish, nor any other bitter or tart ingredient, shall intermingle in the sweets of our wedded life; nor shall aught unpleasant interpose to disturb our halcyon days of peace, of joy, and happiness;—and here again he passionately kissed the fair object who kindled all this glowing rapture."

There's an effect of *kiss-you* apples, for ye! What pity there are none of them growing in England to improve our almost worn-out love-making vocabulary! We have nothing better than non-suches and pippins.

A Letter from Borneo; with Notices of the Country and its Inhabitants. Addressed to James Gardiner, Esq. By J. Brooke, Esq. London, L. and G. Seeley; Smith and Elder. 1842.

In August 1839 Mr. Brooke wrote an account, which was communicated to the Geographical Society, of his proceeding to Borneo; his survey of a portion of that rich island; his reception by Rajah Muda Hassim, the uncle of the sultan

of Borneo, and virtually the governor of the vast country lying between Point Daltu and the north of Borneo; of his sojourn to Sarawak or Kuching, a new place, and, as he then said, likely to prove important in a commercial point of view; of his visits to the tribes of Dyaks, the aborigines of Borneo, inhabiting the interior of the island, and in subjugation to the Malays, who line the west, &c. &c. In one of those letters (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1200) he makes use of this singular sentence: "Muda Hassim and James Brooke are great friends." This friendship, and in return for services with his armed schooner in the instance of rebellious wars, has given to Mr. Brooke the government of the country. The deed of gift, dated 24th September, 1841, is to the following effect:—"That the government of Sarawak is made over to him (to be held under the crown of Borneo), with all its revenues and dependencies, on the yearly payment of 2500 dollars; that he is not to infringe upon their customs or religion; and, in return, that no person is to interfere with him in the management of the country."

This is a singular position for any individual to have attained in a strange country, supported only by four Europeans; and yet with these and eight natives, besides the assistance of the Rajah, he has held the government, and in the space of eight months, "from a state of distraction, amounting almost to a struggle, the country is peaceful, and its inhabitants cultivating the ground." He has issued a brief code of regulations; and has instituted a court of justice, where the brothers of Muda Hassim sit with himself to decide on cases. He has also had an interview with most of the chiefs of the Dyaks, to whom he has explained minutely his wishes in their favour, and his intention of substituting a fixed rice-tax in lieu of the system of robbery which is yearly carried on by the Malays, the petty pangerans, or chiefs. These measures have all been successful. The only interruption met with was a visit of the Dutch from Sambas, with a view to disturb Mr. Brooke's position and influence; but they have been strengthened rather than weakened by the interference.

The object of the published *Letter* is stated to be, to request the support of government, or the assistance of the commercial community, to carry out Mr. Brooke's views, which are, to "call into existence the resources of one of the richest and most extensive islands of the globe; to relieve an industrious people from oppression; and to check, and if possible to suppress, PIRACY and the SLAVE-TRADE, which are openly carried on within a short distance of three European settlements, on a scale and system revolting to humanity;" also, to appeal to the religious body in England, who may in Borneo find a field for missionary-labour too long untried.

"The number of the Dyaks (Mr. Brooke says) in the country of Sarawak may generally be stated at 10,000; but with the slightest protection, numbers who have retired beyond the reach of their cruel oppressors would return to their former habitations. Their freedom from all prejudice, and their scanty knowledge of religion, would render their conversion to Christianity an easy task, provided they are rescued from their present sufferings and degraded state; but until this be done, it will be in vain to preach a faith to them, the first precepts of which are daily violated on their own persons. Never, indeed, were people more oppressed or more wretched; and although to those far removed from witnessing their sufferings and their patience, the enthusiasm I feel, and cannot help expressing, may appear exaggerated; yet

probably were they themselves to change situations with me, they would perhaps speak, if not feel, more warmly than I do."

For the detailed plans of proceeding; for the description of the present government of Borneo Proper, like that of every other Malay state; of the oppressive yoke and miseries under which the Dyaks live, &c. &c., we refer our readers to the published *Letter*; and we conclude with a few extracts, shewing the capabilities, character, and product of the island.

"Between Tanjong Datu and the Murah Basar, or principal entrance of the Borneo river, are the following rivers: Samatan, Lundu, Sarawak, Samarahan, Sadong, Linga, Sakarran, Serebas, Kalaku, Niabur, Kejang, Kanowit, Palo, Bruit, Matto, Oya, Muka, Latow, Bintulu, Meri, Barram, Birah, Baluyit, Tutong, Pungit, Murah-damit (small entrance), and Murah Basar, or Borneo river. Several of these rivers are navigable for European vessels; many of them connected with each other in the interior, and diverging into numerous streams which descend from the range of mountains separating the north-west coast from the Pontianak river. * * *

The soil and productions of this country are of the richest description; and it is not too much to say, that within the same given space there are not to be found the same mineral and vegetable riches in any land in the world. I propose to give a brief detail of them, beginning with the soil of the plains, which is moist and rich, and calculated for the growth of rice; for which purpose it was formerly cleared and used, until the distractions of the country commenced. From the known industry of the Dyaks, and their partiality to rice-cultivation, there can be little doubt that it would become an article of extensive export, provided security be given to the cultivator and a proper remuneration for his produce. The lower grounds, besides rice, are admirably calculated for the growth of sago, and produce canes, rattans, and forest-timber of the finest description for ship-building and other useful purposes. The Chinese export considerable quantities of timber from Sambas and Pantianak, particularly of the kind called Balean by the natives, or the lion-wood of the Europeans; and at this place it is to be had in far greater quantity and nearer the place of sale. The undulating ground differs in soil, some portions of it being a yellowish clay, whilst the rest is a rich mould; these grounds, generally speaking, as well as the slopes of the higher mountains, are admirably calculated for the growth of nutmegs, coffee, pepper, or any of the more valuable vegetable productions of the tropics. Besides the above-mentioned articles, there are birds' nests, bees' wax, and several kinds of scented wood, in demand at Singapore, which are all collected by the Dyaks, and would be collected in far greater quantity, provided the Dyak was allowed to sell them. Turning from the vegetable to the mineral riches of the country, we have diamonds, gold, tin, iron, and antimony ore, certain; I have lately sent what I believe to be a specimen of lead-ore to Calcutta, and copper is reported. It must be remembered, in reading this list, that the country is as yet unexplored by a scientific person, and that the inquiries of a geologist and a mineralogist would throw further light on the minerals of the mountains, and the spots where they are to be found in the greatest plenty. The diamonds are stated to be found in considerable numbers, and of a good water; and I judge the statement to be correct from the fact, that the diamond-work-

era from Sandak come here and work secretly; and the people from Banjar Massing, who are likewise clever at this trade, are most desirous to be allowed to work for the precious stone. Gold of a good quality certainly is to be found in large quantities. The eagerness and perseverance of the Chinese to establish themselves, is a convincing proof of the fact; and about ten years since a body of about 3000 of them had great success in procuring gold by their ordinary mode of trenching the ground. The quantity of gold yearly procured at Sambas is moderately stated at 130,000 bunkals, which, reckoned at the low rate of 20 Spanish dollars a bunkal, gives 2,600,000 Spanish dollars, or upwards of half a million sterling. The most intelligent Chinese are of opinion that the quantity here exceeds the quantity at Sambas; and there is no good reason to suppose it would fall short of it when once a sufficient Chinese population is settled in the country. Antimony-ore is a staple commodity, which is to be procured in any quantity. Tin is said to be plentiful, and the Chinese propose working it; but I have had no opportunity of visiting the spot where it is found. The copper, though reported, has not been brought; and the iron-ore I have examined is of inferior quality. The specimen of what I supposed to be lead-ore has been forwarded to Calcutta; and it remains to be seen what its value may be. And besides these above-mentioned minerals, there can be little doubt of many others being discovered, if the mountain-range was properly explored by any man of science. Many other articles of minor importance might be mentioned; but it is needless to add to a list which contains articles of such value, and which would prove the country equal in vegetable and mineral productions to any in the world."

Besides the above, there has been a recent discovery of coal in Borneo. High promises of advantages to commerce and humanity are here held out to be realised by a proper British influence being established in the Island; and Mr. Brooke conceives that policy dictates at the present time the measures proposed, because in the case of any delay, it will no longer be in our power. From the distractions of Borneo, some European state must very shortly interfere in their concerns; and the supremacy of the Dutch government would be the knell to the British trade which is now carried on, and effectually stop all means of improvement.

A Treatise on the Application of Marine-Surveying and Hydrometry to the Practice of Civil Engineering. By David Stevenson. Edinburgh, A. and C. Black; London, Longman and Co., and J. Weale. 1842.

THIS work is a valuable *résumé* of the experience and extensive operations of an eminent engineer, and requires no recommendation from us to induce its circulation. The inducement to consult it will be the high professional character of the author; and once consulted, and its contents known, it will be prized as a reference and a guide, and recommended to others for its clearness and comprehensiveness. It embraces all the requisites for accuracy and despatch in marine and river survey. Not the despatch of haste, but of care and certainty of results, obviating the too frequent necessity of going over the ground again to correct and readjust. No error in triangulation can occur, if the choice of stations, the adjustments of instruments, the taking bearings, the registry of observations, &c. be made and conducted on the principles, and according to the directions,

laid down in this treatise. The numerous instances given of the apparent very trifles which are the sources of grave errors, and held out as buoys to mark the course of truth in field operations, will enhance its value to the young engineer; whilst the solid practical views on hydrometrical observations, and the description of Mr. Stevenson's hydrophore, must command for it the attention of the whole profession.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

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THE Copyright-bill has gone through the Commons' committee, with only a few verbal corrections. On the subject we have received the following:—

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—I have just perused your journal of April 9th, and have particularly noticed the article concerning "Reasons why even single copies of foreign editions of English works should not be permitted to be imported;" and I must beg leave to observe, that the other day I went into a circulating library and asked for a book lately written by one of our most favourite authors; when I received for answer, that it had not yet been procured, as the proprietor of the library was waiting until it was printed by Galignani in Paris, in order that he might buy it at a cheaper rate, as "he was allowed to bring into England a single copy of the work."

I ask, sir, whether this must not be most disheartening to authors, who, having toiled long and arduously upon a clever production, find all their efforts prove unproductive, on account of their work being printed and published at a much cheaper rate in a foreign country, and brought into England, to their detriment, on account of the present law existing with respect to the introduction of single copies of pirated English works? Surely it would much benefit the literature of our country, were the importation of even single copies of English works printed abroad prohibited altogether, and the smuggling thereof made punishable by a heavy fine. The sooner such a law is passed, the better for England, as respects her character for literature; as it is evident that authors of merit cannot continue to write, with any hope of remuneration, under the present unjust system.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

BRITANNICUS.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY.

April 13.—Mr. Payne, vice-president, in the chair. The papers read were:—1. "On sulphur precipitatum," by Mr. Ince. This had reference chiefly to the impurities in the popular medicine called milk of sulphur, about 100 tons of which, it is calculated, are annually consumed in Great Britain. They arise from the ordinary, because cheap, method of preparation, namely, melting sulphur and lime together, forming a lixivium with water, and then precipitating the sulphur with sulphuric instead of hydrochloric acid; and they consist of sulphate of lime and a small portion of magnesia. If the hydrochloric were used, even in this mode of preparing, the impurities would be obviated; but when, after boiling sulphur and lime in water, hydrochloric acid is added to the resulting solution of the sulphuret of calcium, the sulphate falls down as a hydrate, as a soft white precipitate, which, without much difficulty, will mingle with water. This is the characteristic and the desideratum of the pure precipitated

sulphur. It is chiefly to the inconvenience and annoyance in the employment of the hydrochloric acid for preparing the hydrate, that the use of the impure precipitate is to be attributed. Mr. Ince recommends the pharmacutists to combine, and compel the manufacturers to produce the pure article. Mr. Herring said that hitherto the pure precipitated sulphur had not been generally adopted in consequence of its high price, but that it was now prepared on lower terms; and he was certain that, if the demand for the pure were increased, it might be obtained in any quantity at a fair price.

2. "On some preparations of roses," by Mr. Squire, describing methods of depriving the infusion of roses of its astringent properties, principally in relation to its union with the "disulphate of quina;" also for concentrating the principle in cases where a styptic is desirable.

3. "On a gelatinising mixture," by Mr. Fordred. The mixture in question contained infusion of gentian, solution of caustic potash, and "some other ingredients," and became gelatinous in a few minutes after its preparation. Two of the ingredients, namely, the liquor potassiae and infusio gentianae composita, are of themselves sufficient to produce the jelly; and of the ingredients used in making the infusion of gentian, the lemon-peel seems to be that which gives rise to the phenomenon. It was suspected that a proximate vegetable principle contained in the lemon-peel might, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, be eliminated, and thus cause the mixture to assume so singular an appearance. This was conjectured to be pectine, or pectic acid; but tests failed to prove this; and it appears that the subject requires further investigation.

4. "On the medicinal properties of the *solanum tuberosum*," by Mr. Dyer. The *solanum tuberosum* is found in various parts of South America; but the plants that grow wild produce only small roots, of a bitter taste. Cultivation has extended the nutritive powers of the plant, and rendered it the most useful esculent; still, from the leaves gathered at a proper period, and subjected to careful preparation, the extract presented by Mr. Dyer was procured, possessing narcotic powers of a very high degree. This extract is not now first introduced; but Mr. Dyer seeks to revive its use. If experience should confirm the virtues which he believes to reside in this preparation, a great advantage will accrue from the large and certain supply always to be obtained: this is not the case with the other narcotic plants, hyoscyamus and conium, which in some seasons can with difficulty be obtained in sufficient quantities. As a medicine, the ext. sol. tuber. will rank between belladonna and conium, and will, in many instances, supply the place of opium.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

April 15.—Mr. Faraday "On conduction in lightning-rods." The reception of Mr. Faraday must have been highly gratifying to him. The theatre was densely crowded, and long and heartfelt were the cheers at his reappearance. In his usual happy, animated, and attractive way, he illustrated the power of conduction in bodies and the phenomena of the lateral spark. Many present, we are sure, and particularly those acquainted with the lateral discharge but who had not thought or experienced much on the fact, must have been astonished at the effects exhibited, and pleased with the explanations given; as also with the remedy in the case of lightning-protectors; namely, tying together with a metallic con-

nexion all contiguous readily conducting bodies.—On the table in the library were specimens of elegant lamps; but we had no opportunity of ascertaining in what they differed from the numerous patents of this useful article.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

April 19.—The president in the chair. The discussion was renewed upon Colonel Jones's paper "On the form of breakwaters;" and it was contended that the action of the shingle upon certain beaches, which had been treated of at great length by Mr. Palmer in a paper sent to the Royal Society, demonstrated the necessity of adopting a slope for works destined to support the action of the sea; and that as the angles of the shingle varied under different circumstances, which stone-work could not do, it was necessary to adopt a slope, which would provide against the most violent efforts of the sea.—A paper was read, describing "A flushing apparatus used for cleansing the sewers in the Holborn and Finsbury districts, with remarks upon the causes of accumulations in sewers," by Mr. Roe. It appeared that in these two districts there are upwards of 80 miles of sewers; in a large proportion of which, from the variety of levels, the general want of fall, and other causes, large deposits take place, causing manifold inconveniences, as well as generating bad effluvia, &c. The means formerly adopted for clearing away these deposits, was to open the sewer, raise the mass of silt into the street, and cart it away. This annoyance was so severely felt, that experiments were instituted for the purpose of endeavouring to use a head of water for forcing forward the accumulations and cleansing the sewer. After many trials, an apparatus, of which models and drawings were exhibited, was invented by Mr. Roe, surveyor of sewers for the district in question. The apparatus consists of an iron frame set in the sewer, with an hinged door half its height, which fits with a water-tight joint; it is opened and closed by means of a jointed rod which is worked from the level of the street. A head of water is allowed to collect against the closed door, and when sufficiently heavy, the door is suddenly opened, and the whole mass moves forward, carrying before it all accumulations until it issues at the outfall, cleansing the sewer. This operation is repeated with a head of water of three feet at intervals of half a mile, and the success is stated to be perfect. Numerous modifications of the system were described, and many improvements which have sprung out of the first invention.—Mr. Farey exhibited and explained the construction and action of an indicator for steam-engines, one of a set made for the French government, by Mr. Penn of Greenwich. It appeared to have been constructed with a view to simplicity, and by the perfect proportion of the parts to attain correct results upon the cards taken by it. It is hoped that when in the hands of the French mathematicians, they may tend to increase the knowledge of the action of steam in the cylinders of engines.

The reading of Mr. Mallet's paper "On raising ships" was postponed to the next meeting: the following was the announcement in addition, "Description of the machinery used for compressing gas for illumination," &c., by C. Denroche.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

April 19.—Mr. Forster in the chair. It was announced that the late Professor Don had left to the society his extensive collection of woods,

fruits, &c.; and that a legacy of 100*l.* had been just received from the executors of the late Archibald Menzies, Esq. The papers read were, 1st, "On forty-four varieties of spiders," several new, and seldom met with in England, by Mr. Blackwell.—2d, "On a new coleopterous insect," by Mr. Westwood. It was from the collection of Col. Hersey, formed chiefly in Central India, a large portion of which, including many species hitherto unknown, was on the table.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 4.—Mr. Saunders, president, in the chair,—by whom the continuation of a memoir "On the *Chrysomelidae* of New Holland" was read. Mr. Stephenson described a new apparatus for collecting insects by lamp-light. Mr. Newport characterised a new British *Julus* from Sandwich. A note from Mr. Pettigrew was read, noticing the occurrence of *entozoa* in the human liver. The description of a new exotic *Lamellicorn* genus, by Mr. Westwood, was read; and also notes "On the habits of *Nysia zozaria*," by Mr. Gregson; and "On the parasitism of the *Nomada*," by Mr. F. Smith.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

April 18.—The Right Hon. Viscount Sandon, vice-president, in the chair.—Four new fellows were elected. A paper "On accidents upon railways," by Mr. Weld, was read. The amount of traffic for the entire of the past year on the various railways has not yet been returned, but that for the half year ending 1st July 1841 amounts to 9,122,613 passengers carried on 50 railways, of whom 1,530,040 occupied first-class carriages, 4,144,169 second-class carriages, 2,357,745 third-class carriages, and 1,090,659 carriages not classed. The number of trains amounted to 99,422, which will give 91·3 persons to each train. The lines on which the trains travel at the greatest speed, exclusive of stoppages, are the Northern and Eastern 30 miles per hour, the Great Western 33, London and Brighton 30, Newcastle and North Shields 30, Midland Counties 29, North Midland 29, London and Birmingham 27. The receipts arising from the foregoing number of passengers amounted to 1,145,386*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.*, of which 281,087*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* was received from first-class passengers, 231,046*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.* from second-class passengers, 68,515*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.* from third-class passengers, and 564,737*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* from mixed-class passengers. Tables exhibit the number of accidents, with personal injury, that occurred between Aug. 1840 and 31st Dec. 1841 as 204, by 109 of which 69 passengers were killed and 233 injured, and by the remaining 95 sixty-five servants of the companies were killed and 62 injured,—of the passengers 23 were killed, and 30 injured, owing to their own negligence.

It is much to be regretted that the act of parliament does not enable the officers to obtain returns of accidents attended with danger to the public unless personal injury is actually sustained. By the returns given, it appears that the number of railway accidents has considerably diminished, as out of 204 accidents that occurred between Aug. 1840 and Dec. 1841, 125 took place in the past year, and 79 in the preceding five months, a decrease of exactly one-third. Calculating the number of passengers carried by the various railways in the year 1841 at double the number given for the six months, which is equal to 18,245,226, the accidents amount to 1 in 145,963; and it may be remarked, that a large proportion of these occurred from slips in the embankments, occa-

sioned by the continual wet weather. A diminution has taken place in the accidents resulting from collisions, arising chiefly from mismanagement or defective arrangements; a great proportion of the accidents which occurred at the end of 1840 and the beginning of 1841 were of this nature, no fewer than 17 having occurred in eight months from Aug. 1840 to April 1841, from the single cause of collisions by trains or engines overtaking others travelling on the same line. During the nine months from April 1841 to January 1842, only five collisions of this nature occurred, and those, with one exception, unattended with fatal consequences. This diminution in the number of collisions appears too great to be the result of chance, and may fairly be attributed, in a considerable degree, to the more general adoption of the precautions suggested by the inspector-general. The returns of the past year also shew a marked diminution in the number of serious accidents occasioned by the misconduct of engine-drivers. In the last five months of 1840 seven accidents occurred, by which 8 persons were killed and 31 injured; and in 1841 only 3 accidents occurred, by which 2 persons were killed and 3 injured. By a strange mistake in the drawing-up of certain clauses in the acts of various railway companies, obliging them, under a penalty, to keep the gates at level crossings closed across the railway instead of across the road, accidents of a serious nature have occurred. In two instances upon the Hull and Selby, and Newcastle and Carlisle railways, the lives of the gatekeepers fell a sacrifice to the former plan. From the return made by the different railway companies, it appears that there are 605 six-wheel engines and 224 four-wheel engines, traversing an extent of 1330½ miles: it is conceived that four-wheel engines are rather more unsteady and subject to oscillatory movements, and especially vertical movements, which, in extreme cases, may lead to jumping off the rails; while, on the other hand, six-wheel engines are less adapted for going round sharp curves; and this opinion is strengthened by the fact, that three accidents occurred to the four-wheel engines out of the total number of 224 engines of this kind, arising from their having run off the line, while no accident occurred to the six-wheel engines. An interesting discussion ensued upon the reading of this paper; and it was proposed, that an attempt should be made to institute a comparison between accidents by railway and stage-coach travelling, with a view to which Lord Sandon thought that a return might be moved for, in the House of Commons, of all inquests for a given period, whence might be extracted those proceeding from stage-coach travelling, and thus the comparison would be perfect as far as the deaths went.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

April 20.—Mr. B. Rotch, vice-president, in the chair. The first subject brought before the society, under the superintendence of the Wednesday-evening committee—who have, for some time past, been making vigorous exertions to revive the interest of the meetings—was Messrs. Thompson and Co.'s patent alarm lock. The principle of it was stated, by Mr. Domville, to consist of a circular plate introduced into the lock, and perforated in one part so as to allow the key to pass through: the other end of the key fits into a small opening, and, by a toothed wheel, turns the plate, so as to close entirely the regular keyhole. By a very simple contrivance, each turn of the key to bring the plate back to its original position raises a ham-

mer, which strikes a bell; and the number of strokes may be varied from one to thirty or forty, at the pleasure of the owner. Another lock, which was rewarded by the society in 1836, was also exhibited: it is fully described in the 31st volume of the *Transactions*, and is somewhat similar in its arrangement. A reversible broom, patented by the same inventors, was also explained by Mr. Domville. Instead of the broom becoming useless long before it is worn out, by being used on one side only, on the old method, the patent broom, by changing the position of the handle, may be worn uniformly and evenly, as long as the hair lasts; and the handle may then be attached to a new head. The next, and by far the most interesting, subject of the evening, was Mr. Ostler's anemometer, or instrument for measuring and registering the effects of wind and rain, brought forward by Mr. E. Solly, jun., who stated that various contrivances had been adopted to assist in meteorological inquiries: numerous vane, pluviometers, and rain-gauges had, from time to time, been invented; and at last, when the objections and imperfections of all instruments which required the constant attention of an observer had become apparent, self-registering apparatus were introduced. The anemometer of Professor Whewell had preceded Mr. Ostler's, but was not so perfect and complete in all its details; and, though the latter was somewhat complicated, yet it had been found, practically speaking, a very good working instrument. Mr. Ostler's apparatus consists principally of a large vane, which is fixed at the top of the building where observations are to be made. The motion of this vane is communicated to a pencil resting on a sheet of paper: this at once registers the direction of the wind. On the axis of the vane, and at right angles to the direction of the wind, is the pressure-plate, which consists of a square plate of metal pressing against four springs, and so arranged that it recedes in exact proportion to the force of the wind, and, by means of a second pencil below, registers a line corresponding to the force of the wind. The rain-gauge is a very beautiful contrivance, and is so arranged that the rain is conveyed into a glass bottle nicely balanced on springs; the weight of the water dropping into it causes it to descend, and, in so doing, moves a third pencil; which, therefore, registers the quantity of rain. When the glass becomes full, it spontaneously empties itself, by a very ingenious modification of the syphon. Lastly, the whole machine is rendered complete by a clock, which makes the registering-paper move regularly, in a given time, under the pencils; and thus causes them to draw lines indicating the duration and force of wind and the fall of rain, and shewing the precise time when any change took place.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, April 15, 1842.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of April 11.—M. Dufrenoy read, in the name of a commission composed of MM. Berthier, Elie de Beaumont, and himself, a report upon two memoirs presented by M. Domyko, and entitled:—1. A notice on the silver ores of Chili, and the processes employed for their reduction. 2. On the mines of native amalgam of silver, of Arqueros, in Chili; a kind of new mineral species, differing from any other amalgam of silver, and the more interesting because it is the principal basis of the productive workings of Arqueros. It is composed of six atoms of silver and one atom of mercury; a composition which no mineral as yet analysed has ever presented. This

substance, its constituents constant, is found dendritic and in small octohedral crystals. It is white as silver, like the silver amalgam of Moschel-Landsberg, but differs entirely from the latter by its malleability—it extends under the hammer, and may be cut with a knife; besides, the proportions of silver and mercury, namely, 86.5 of silver and 13.5 of mercury for the mineral of Arqueros, and 36 of silver and 64 of mercury for that of Moschel-Landsberg, establish distinctly the difference between these two species. The moist method of analysis has never sufficed to separate completely the silver from the mercury; it was only by the dry analysis, and conducted under particular conditions, that M. Domeyko was able to obtain the exact proportions of the new mineral which he has made known, and for which the commissioners have proposed the name of *arguerite*. The memoirs contained an account of the geological position of the silver mines of Coquimbo, their nature, richness, &c.; also the period and mode of discovery of the mines of Arqueros, their geological and mineralogical characteristics, &c. &c.

In concluding the report, M. Dufrenoy announced that M. Berthier, who had verified part of M. Domeyko's analyses, had recognised in the silver ores of Chanaveillo, classed under the names of *pacos* and of *collorados*, the *bromure of silver* which he had discovered in the Peruvian ores. The proportion of bromine varies much; but at all events it is equal to that of the chlorine. Thus this new species plays an important part in the mineral riches of Chili and Peru. The report recommends that M. Domeyko be invited to follow out his researches, and pronounces those just disclosed worthy of considerable interest and attention. The commissioners would have proposed the insertion of M. Domeyko's memoirs in *Le Recueil des Savants étrangers*, if they had not been assured that they would soon appear in *Les Annales des Mines*.

M. Dumeril read a memoir containing the results of long and delicate researches on the composition of water.

M. Flourens presented to the Academy the second edition of his "Recherches expérimentales sur les Propriétés et les Fonctions du Système Nerveux dans les Animaux Vertébrés," an edition corrected, enlarged, and entirely recast.

M. Stas, professor at the Military School of Brussels, wrote, that in twelve analyses of the air made according to the process recommended by the Academy, he had obtained, at twelve different times, numbers comprised between 230.1 and 230.8 of oxygen, troy weight, in 1000 of air. But twice, without cause of appreciable error, this quantity was raised to 231.4 and 231.4. Thus it is seen that the composition of air has been found the same at Brussels, at Paris, at Geneva, and at Copenhagen; and that M. Stas has confirmed the observations made at Paris, of the sudden variations which appear from time to time to modify the composition of the air "par zones."

The Academy have elected M. Ersted of Copenhagen as foreign associate in the room of M. de Candolle. The list of names submitted by the committee gave that of Ersted first; and then followed in alphabetical order those of Brewster, Faraday, Herschel, Jacobi (of Koenigsberg), Liebig, Melloni, Mitscherlich, and Tiedemann. Several voices were in favour generally of Brewster, Jacobi, Ehrenberg, Melloni, and Tiedemann.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, April 13.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—A. S. Eddis, C. J. Tindal, H. Baber, Trinity College; A. J. Rogers, Jesus College; G. H. Skelton, Christ's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. P. Manson, E. Corbett, Trin. College; W. Collett, St. Peter's College; R. Goldham, Corpus Ch. College; J. Tomlins, V. J. Stanton, W. M. W. Call, St. John's College; W. Miniken, W. Inchbald, Cath. Hall; W. Daman, Queen's College; C. E. Parry, R. Middlemist, Christ's College.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

April 16.—The director in the chair. The paper read to the meeting was written by the late lamented president of the society; and delivered in a short time before his demise. It related to a dress found in a provincial church in Saxony, and deposited in the museum of the Society of Antiquaries at Dresden; and it had been supposed to be an ecclesiastical robe from some Oriental Christian church. When the Earl of Munster saw this dress, he at once knew that it was a *khetlat*, or dress of honour, of considerable antiquity,—such as it has been the practice of the princes of Western Asia, from time immemorial, to present to those of their inferiors in station whom they wished to distinguish with marks of their approbation. The dress in question is like a short Spanish cloak: it is less than a yard in length; and is chiefly formed of cloth of gold, having an Arabic inscription woven in its texture, and not embroidered upon it. A closer examination shewed it to be of the thirteenth century. The object of the paper was, to point out the antiquity of the practice of giving such dresses, as well as to shew how long ago the art of figure-weaving in the East had made rapid strides, while in the West it was scarcely in existence; and to what perfection it had attained. The antiquity of the practice is shewn by the mention in the Bible of the dress given to Joseph by the Pharaoh of Egypt; of that bestowed on the prophet Daniel by Belshazzar; and of that with which the disgraced Haman was compelled to clothe the Jew Mordecai. It was in use among the Sassanides in Persia; and, though at first despised, was gradually adopted by the conquering Arabs, until at length it has become almost a part of the Mahometan faith, being in use from Turkey in Europe to the extreme limits of Asia, wherever the monarch has been a follower of Mahommed. There are some traces of the existence of the practice among the Christian princes of Europe in the middle ages; and the English governors in India have found it politic to give *khetlats* to Mahomedans on whom it was thought proper to bestow marks of approbation.

The dress under consideration was obviously woven in a loom of complicated and curious construction, though only thirteen inches in width; but such as Europe at that time could not produce; and even at the present day it would be difficult to construct a loom with powers necessary for such a texture. Ancient as this specimen is, the art is stated by native historians to be more ancient. It was practised under the Khalifs contemporary with Charlemagne; and, according to the same testimony, it was borrowed by them from the Sassanides, which is corroborated by the adoption of the Persian term *taraz*, used by the earlier Arabs to denote this peculiar kind of weaving. Though carried so far back by positive testimony, his lordship was disposed to take it still further into antiquity. He thought it probable that the Babylonian stuffs mentioned by the

Greeks and Romans were of the same workmanship; and noticed the exceedingly fine texture of cloths taken from Egyptian tombs, which must have been deposited 1800 years before the Christian era, demonstrating the great skill of the weaver at so early a period. He was inclined to conjecture that the hangings of the movable tabernacle in the desert were of the same manufacture, from the use of the word *rakam*, usually translated *embroidery*, but more probably meaning intricate weaving, as in Psalm cxxxix. 15, where David used the word to typify the curious working of his own frame.

The paper concluded by an allusion to a curtain from the mosque at Acre, in his lordship's collection, taken by the troops of Ali Pasha in the storming of that fortress. This curtain was covered with Arabic sentences and ornaments most elaborately woven in gold, in a manner which no European loom could execute.

A short paper from Sir J. E. Alexander was read, of some notes made by Dr. Troost, professor of geology at Nashville, Tennessee, relative to traces of lingam worship in America. Mr. Troost had been much struck with traces of the existence of ancient races of men in the wilder parts of the state of Tennessee, particularly their burial-grounds, some of which are a mile in length. The coffins are of stone, and close to each other; the bodies are buried with their ornaments, trinkets, &c., all of very rude construction. The necklaces are usually made of shells which are found only on the tropical shores of the Continent, evidencing the southern origin of these aboriginal races. Many images are found among the ornaments of these graves, most of which are of baked clay; but some, and those the most carefully executed, are of the primitive rocks, and appear rude imitations of the ancient Priapus. One figure, a lingam, was of amphibolic rock; so hard that steel made no impression on it. It must have been slowly ground down with a substance as hard as emery, notwithstanding which it is perfectly smooth. These representations are corroborative of the assertion of Kircher, made on the authority of Cortes, that phallus worship was established in central America at the epoch of the Spanish invasion; which also receives confirmation from a plate in Stephens's Travels; and from the well-ascertained fact that the Puritans destroyed many such images found in or near the early settlements in the colonies. Sketches of some of the figures found were laid upon the table of the society.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR

THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ p.m.; Medical, 8 p.m.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgial, 8½ p.m.; Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.; Zoological, 8½ p.m.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.; Medico-Botanical, 8 p.m.; Microscopical, 8 p.m.; Aborigines' Protection Society, 8 p.m.

Thursday.—London Institution (anniversary meeting), 12 a.m.; Royal, 8½ p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.; Royal Soc. of Literature (anniversary meeting), 3 p.m.; Numismatic, 7 p.m.

Friday.—Zoological (anniversary meeting), 1 p.m.; Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.

Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.; Mathematical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

The Society of Water-Colours, the peculiar honour of English art, opens its doors for the private view to-day; and on Monday the public will be admitted to as fresh and sparkling an exhibition of this kind as has ever been seen.

WILKIE AND FUSELI.

WEDNESDAY was quite a field-day for the fine arts at the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson: from an early hour till near dusk they were crowded by individuals of all ranks interested in such matters, from the duke and duchess to the picture-dealer and broker, who attended the private view of the drawings of the late Sir David Wilkie; and the collection of paintings (for sale yesterday and to-day) belonging to Mr. Knowles, the friend and biographer of Fuseli, many of whose works were mixed up with ancient masters on the walls. Some of the latter include remarkable specimens of Fuseli's wild genius, and foreign productions of rare character and merit: but to us the principal attraction lay among the performances of Wilkie, which were exhibited in an another apartment. We hope we are not extravagant in saying, that, high as his reputation has stood to the present time, it will be exalted to a still higher degree by the contemplation of this collection, of about eight hundred designs and drawings. Here we have proof of the fertility of his mind, as well as the taste, skill, and judgment of his handling. Here we have his first thoughts, full of the ideal and the real, and replete with energy or grace. Here we see that industry without which even genius must be a failure; and, in short, we have the whole artist as he lived, and conceived, and observed, and wrought—a knowledge of him not to be imagined from his finished works, however admirable and perfect.

To select or particularise the leading objects from so great a number, would lead us to occupy an inconvenient space in our Journal; and would, besides, leave much undone which ought to be done, were we to impart an adequate notion of their varied nature and degrees of excellence. But we may remark, that all the drawings of Oriental persons and subjects possess infinite interest. Portraits of the late and present sultans, of Mehemet Ali (most striking and characteristic), of other khans and rulers, of artisans, servants, and lights of the harem, are all wonderfully fine. "The School," not quite finished, is a picture with a multitude of figures, not surpassed by the most renowned and popular of Sir David's works. "The Scottish Pedagogue" is a masterpiece; and the employments of his pupils in education or in mischief are delineated in a manner equally humorous and delightful. In the distribution of the light, and other artistical qualities, we think it goes beyond the best of its predecessors. Two sketches for "John Knox administering the Sacrament at Calder House," are also noble examples of Wilkie's feeling and power. Such themes inspired him, and he drew on his early and well-stored memory for their most apposite and fervent illustration. But as we began we may end, by stating that no commentary within our limits can point out a hundredth part of the peculiar excellences of this collection. They would require a volume; and when the reader turned down the last page, it would only be to grieve the more deeply that the world had lost so great a man, and his friends and country an ornament so dear and bright.

STATUE OF LORD COLLINGWOOD.

The statue of Lord Collingwood, to be erected at Tynemouth, has been fortunately entrusted to the execution of Mr. Lough, from whom, if from any man, we have a right to look for something noble and exalted in the highest style of art. From his Milo to his latest work of classic story or imagination, his course has been one continued train of productions of a

class for examples of which, we fear, we must rather go back to the palmy days of Greece, than advert to our own times. But we have had our truly great artists, notwithstanding the discouragement of genius and the encouragement of vanity and trade: and among the foremost stands the self-elevated Lough, of whom England has, and will have, long cause to be proud. The present statue is simple and dignified. The head manly and expressive, the form finely draped in a boat-cloak, and the position at once firm, natural, and easy. The left hand rests on a cannon, round which a cable is turned, and a pleasing relief is thus given to the figure. The whole is, as we have intimated, a truly British subject, treated with a British individuality, but yet possessing all the requisites of universal art.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Concluding Notice.]

BEFORE we dismiss this Exhibition, to make way for the novelties opening upon us at this season, we must add a few notices to those already inserted in the *Literary Gazette*.

No. 112. *Gillingham, on the Medway*. W. J. Müller.—Reminds us of Constable, and is prettily painted in his dewy and sparkling manner.

No. 206. *The Landing of Jeanie Deans at Roseneath*. Alex. Johnston.—Is full of Scotch character. Jeanie is as bonny as she is described; and the whole scene a fair transcript of the passage in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

No. 220. *A Welsh Stile*. P. F. Poole.—And executed in a very clever style by the artist. The idea is simple, the children natural, and the accessory landscape sweet.

No. 221. *Going to the Fair*. J. J. Chalon, R.A.—We fear the principal horse has not legs to run for the Derby. There is a great deal of brightness and gaiety; but we cannot consider this to be a successful effort of a painter so distinguished in other lines.

No. 233. *Aspiration*. Gamberdalla.—A firm, well-toned, and expressive painting. Greater beauty in the female subject would perhaps have enhanced its value; but, in other respects, it possesses very high qualities of art. Nothing, we should think, but a too great price could have left it on the walls unsold.

No. 240. *In North Wales*. J. Stark.—One of several charming specimens of this artist's true delineations of rural nature. The others in the Exhibition have similar claims to praise.

No. 248. *A Pilot going on Board*. J. Wilson.—And *Muscle-Gatherers*, No. 243.—Two delightful sea-views—the one all dash and spirit; the other all calmness and repose.

No. 281. *A Buccaneer's Daughter releasing a Prisoner*. Mr. M'lan.—A dramatic incident told in a dramatic manner.

No. 325. *Spenser's Fairy Queen; Portraits of Elizabeth and her Court*. F. Howard.—In the style of the *Canterbury Pilgrims* and the *Flight of Bacon*; this composition is honourable to Mr. Howard's talent and skill. The variety of the characters, and the well-arranged forms of the grouping, render it extremely agreeable to the eye as a whole, whilst the details satisfy the judgment in other respects.

No. 239. *Mother and Child*. R. S. Lauder.—A curious effect, of a mother and infant reflected by a glass. There is much of cleverness in the design.

No. 385. *Gil Blas*. J. Hollins.—A witty and well-executed scene from a work which never ceases to suggest subjects to the artist.

No. 412. *Endsleigh, on the Tamar*. F. C. Lewis.—A dark but impressive landscape of

one of those lovely spots with which this part of the country abounds.

No. 417. *The Invitation*. J. R. Herbert.—A clever piece of familiar life.

No. 419. *John Anderson my Jo*. W. Kidd.—Rather queer, and neither worthy of the painter nor the subject, which is a touching one.

No. 427. *The Cottage-Door*. J. Linnel.—A very pretty representation of rustic employment, and planted in a pleasing landscape both in foreground and distance.

No. 439. *The Fow*. F. Newenham.—A lovely girl, painted with genuine feeling and excellent effect. It is one of the graces of the Exhibition.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Map of Afghanistan, Caubul, the Panjab, Rajpootana, and the River Indus. By James Wyld.

As complete and particular a map as could be constructed from the latest geographical surveys, and one of infinite interest at the present time, when so many sad affections and fearful hopes are associated with the region which it lays down. We have readily traced every site upon it to which the last news refers, and have found it sufficient for all purposes to guide our mind in the estimate of positions, lines of march, and other circumstances.

The Seven Cartoons of Raffaele. Drawn by Jarvis, and engraved by Messrs. Whimper. London, Rivingtons.

EXECUTED in a free, bold manner, with descriptive letter-press, these engravings afford a fair means of forming a rough idea of the originals of these grand compositions. They have so frequently demanded the utmost efforts of the highest styles of engravings, that these must be considered translations for the larger number of amateurs.

Finden's Royal Gallery of British Art. Part IX. London, March, Moon, Ackermann and Co.

We have been looking with some impatience for the continuation of this beautiful national work; and rejoice to see in the Part before us three specimens quite different in character, but all equally admirable in art. Overwesel on the Rhine, one of the richest combinations of the magic pencil of Turner, engraved by Wilmore, exhibits, as far as the burin can go, the sunshine, the flood of light, the living waters, and the varied landscape of the artist. It is refreshing to look upon it. "The Reduced Gentleman's Daughter," by R. Redgrave, and engraved by Hatfield, is an affecting episode taken from the Rambler, treated with feeling, and skillfully executed. "Othello relating his adventures," D. Cowper, and engraved by E. Finden, is a nobly simple composition;—of the drama, and not theatrical. Othello is recounting his battles, sieges, fortunes, to which the gentle Desdemona, seated by her father, seriously inclines. The accessories are Venetian, and the whole extremely graceful.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

NOTES ON STRAWBERRY HILL,

And of some Paintings there, preserved from a shrine in the Abbey-church of Bury St. Edmund's.

COLLEY Cibber was the first occupier of a small house there, built by the coachman of the Earl of Bradford. It was subsequently leased to Mrs. Chevenix. In 1747 the late Earl of Orford, then Horace Walpole, purchased the fee-simple of the property. In 1753 he began to make additions to his villa, after designs and models in the Gothic style, taken from some of the best examples extant in our English cathedrals.

dials;—he continued his alterations and improvements to the year 1776. In 1757 Mr. Walpole erected his private press at Strawberry Hill, at which were printed many works of antiquarian and historical interest. In 1791 the title of Earl of Orford reverted to him by the death of his nephew George. On 2d of March, 1797, Horace, Earl of Orford, died at his house in Berkeley Square. He bequeathed Strawberry Hill to the Hon. Mrs. Damer, daughter of his friend General Conway, as his residuary legatee, with a legacy of 2000*l.* to keep his favourite villa in repair. The reversionary interest was vested in the Countess Dowager Waldegrave, his lordship's sister, to whom Mrs. Damer resigned Strawberry Hill about the time when Lysons wrote his account. Walpole's printed works and MSS. were published in an uniform edition in 1798, by Robert Bury, Esq., and his daughters Mary and Agnes, to whom Lord Orford had bequeathed them, with the copyright. Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Bury resided, Lysons tells us, when he wrote his account of the Environs of London, in a cottage near Strawberry Hill, the former residence of the charming comic actress, Mrs. Clive. Walpole placed a bust to the memory of Mrs. Clive in the garden of this cottage, where it remains, we believe, at the present day.

Walpole has by some recent critics been designated an elegant trifler: yet if we consider that he was one of the first to point out and turn the public attention to the fine taste for the arts of sculpture and painting; which prevailed in the age termed Gothic; that he fostered the engravers in this country who became eminent in their branch of art; that he brought from obscurity various historical memoirs of deep interest,—we shall hesitate to consider him a trifler—or shall affirm: that, if he trifled, it was with matters that in a few years raised the taste and genius of British artists: much higher in the school of permanent excellence. The Gothic imitations at Strawberry Hill are often childish and incorrect—indeed, the place is too small for any imposing display of architecture; but they led, in the course of time, to the study of the Gothic style on original principles; and the new Houses of Commons, the new churches in various parts of the country, will testify the result of Walpole's trifling at Strawberry Hill. His Anecdotes of Painting will shew how deeply he traced the rise of pictorial art in England.

Among the greatest curiosities at Strawberry Hill may perhaps be reckoned those four paintings, on panels of oak, brought from a shrine which had adorned the renowned abbey-church of Bury St. Edmund's, on which are portraits, if we remember rightly, of Henry VI., Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, and Cardinal Archbishop John Kempe, son of Sir Thomas Kempe, of Olantigh, near Wye in Kent. Cardinal Kempe was a great diplomatist in the reigns of the 5th and 6th Henrys, and the Wolsey of his day; his brother, Thomas Kempe, Bishop of London, he, s, from his benefactions to the university of Oxford, been styled the *Mecenas* of his age. Such were the relics the trifler Walpole preserved, of which so many specimens now await the summary decree of value from the tap of Mr. Geo. Robins' hammer at Strawberry Hill. K.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LET ME GO HOME.

"Let me go home!"—'tis a plaintive cry
On the wayward path of infantry;
The truant is wearied and brain-ble-torn,
And it longs in a mother's arms to mourn,
And to feel its troubles hushed, to sleep,
Where a mother's love its watch shall keep.

"Rest, child, rest! and never more
Wander away from thy father's door."

"Let me go home!"—'tis the lost one's cry;

"Let me go home—go home to die!"

The traitor who robb'd her of maiden fame

Has cast her forth to a life of shame;

And the gnawing tooth of gaunt despair

Preys on a cheek no longer fair.

Let the erring daughter in;

Open gates to the Magdalen.

"Let me go home!"—'tis the exile's prayer—

O what to him is the balmy air

Of the genial south, when far away

His fond wife weeps and his children play,

Where the snows of the north are on the track

O'er which the look'd-for comes not back!

He comes! and brightly the hearth shall burn

To light the joy of that blest return.

"Let me go home!"—from the wanderer's breast

Bursts the heaving sigh of the soul's unrest:

Long hath he roam'd through countries strange,

Breaking ties in the love of change:

One, long forgot, hath his pride unmann'd—

He would make his grave in his native land.

Through a ruin'd hall the night-winds sweep,

As we lay him down where his fathers sleep.

"Let me go home!"—"Poor outcast, say,

Hast thou a home?" "Yes, a house of clay—

Wherever my faltering feet shall fall,

There my life shall end its mournful tale;

And they'll make me a home, and I'll there abide,

Not envy the homes of living pride:

Let me go home—to Him who gave

Yet another home—beyond the grave!"

DIDO, FORSAKEN BY ÆNEAS, COMFORTED BY LOVE.

BY JOHN EDMUND READE,
Author of "Italy," &c.

By that languid head depress'd,
Drooping on that lovely breast;
By that downcast eye, that tells
How the inner spirit dwells
On the agony it feels,
Which nor look nor breath reveals;
By those graceful arms declining,
By those fringed lids dimly shining
With the tear that stood conceal'd
There, till it again congeal'd;
By that form's abandonment,
Prostrated and downward bent
By its grief, until despair
Froze it into marble there:
Well I read, and feel the truth,
The canker preying on thy youth;
Woman-like, thy heart was won:
Thou hast lov'd—hast lov'd but once—
He was false, and thou undone.

Such is Love's eternal tale.
What now do thy tears avail,
Thou false boy, who standest nigh?
Canst thou in that glazing eye
Hope's sweet tear again renew,
To fall on her parch'd heart like dew?
Canst thou heal for her betrayal?
The wound thou hast unkindly made?
Ah, not every look and sigh
Of thine recalls but memory,
That brings madness in its train,
And, drop-like, sears thy burning brain:
Hence to Death! and bid him bring
Water from oblivion's spring:
Stern mediciner he is;
Yet more kind, more true than thee.
Bid him gently fall his dart,
And still the pulses of her heart;
Then lay her in that bed of rest,
Where sleeps in peace the wounded breast;
Where no mourn lights with her ray
The crimes and pangs of yesterday;
Where the slave reclines his head,
And hears not the oppressor's tread;
Where passion, hate, revenge, are o'er,
And even love is felt no more.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Wednesday a tragic play, called *Pilgrimage Troth*, was produced here, but was inexorably condemned, and seems to have been withdrawn in deference to public opinion. We regret the occasion, because there were some fine poetical passages in the drama, and Macready's personation of a difficult character deserved another fate. It is one comfort, how-

ever, to note in this decided failure a proof of the much stronger feeling entertained on the subject of the stage. Where there is so much of excellence, there remains none of the apathy which used to allow mediocrity or trash to be played and puffed as long as the managers pleased.

Haymarket.—On Thursday the Haymarket produced a very lively and spirited one-act piece, entitled *A Lover by Proxy*. It was thoroughly well acted throughout by Webster, and every one of the *dramatis personæ*; and having been received with laughter, and concluded amid roars of applause, will, we daresay, become a lasting popular favourite.

St. James's Theatre.—The activity of the management has been shewn in the great variety of the entertainments offered here. The fascinating actress, Mlle. Plessy, has appeared in several new characters, winning admiration in all; and, indeed, it is an invidious task to determine where she most shines. Our predilection is for her display of the pathetic. In *Valérie* her performance is painfully interesting; and in *Estelle, ou le Père et la Fille*, her submissive deportment to a parent suffering under mental agony, arising from an erroneous impression of her mother's infidelity, awoke as poignant commiseration as we ever witnessed from the stage. In *Le Rêve du Mari, ou le Manteau*, her total disregard of the *vérité*, in order to effect a remedy for the jealousy of her cousin's husband, was bewitchingly bold. She has also appeared in the *Tartuffe*; but, notwithstanding the impossibility of any thing which she undertakes being uninteresting, this piece is not a judicious production. In *La fausse Agnès, ou le Poète Campagnard*, however, she achieved a triumph without alloy. Here she shewed great dramatic capabilities. Her depiction of silliness, feigned for the purpose of getting rid of an odious proposal of marriage to a country buffoon, was perfect, and merited and received acclamations of applause. She has also appeared in *La jeune Femme colère*; but her physical strength is not sufficient to render this, though a very effective effort, entertaining.

Mr. Wilson's Scottish Concerts.—The increasing popularity of these concerts, both at the Hanover Square Rooms in the mornings, and Store Street in the evenings, afford an incontrovertible proof of the native love of ballad-song in our country. No matter how much a Rubini, a Tamburini, or a Gasco, may be admired by the fashionable few; to hear hearty and universal applause, we must go to the simple and touching melodies of a Wilson or a Sinclair. In these all ranks join, for all ranks understand; and all ears (the learned and the unlearned) are delighted. In private circles it is the same: the genuine approbation is felt for ballad, and not for elaborate composition and difficult execution.

Ancient Concerts.—The concert on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Prince Albert, and attended by the Queen, went off with great éclat. His Royal Highness is an accomplished musician, and made a selection of the music with great taste and judgment. The performers were, no doubt, stimulated to exert themselves to the utmost on such an occasion; and the result was a very splendid display of their powers in every branch of the art, vocal and instrumental.

VARIETIES.

Sermon by Signs.—The newspapers contain an interesting account of the performance of

the church-service and the preaching of a sermon, by signs with the fingers, to a congregation of deaf and dumb persons, in the chapel at Bartlett's Buildings, on Sunday last. The exponent of the sermon was a little girl, of about eight years old, not one of the afflicted, but who heard the discourse, and translated it rapidly into the signs understood by the spectators. During the week a meeting was held, at which the excellent Bishop of Winchester presided, and in the proceedings of which several of his mitred brethren took part, the object of which was the promotion of religious instruction among the blind, by supplying them with Bibles printed in raised letters, and instructing them how to read them. The measures adopted were of the most liberal and Christian character.

The Charter-House Square Infirmary.—Of all the charitable institutions which do honour to the British capital, we know no one more deserving of support than the above, whose anniversary is announced for Friday next. The subject prevents us from dilating upon it; but when we say that the most painful and humiliating of human infirmities are relieved and cured at this establishment, we have made as powerful an appeal as language can make to the hearts of the benevolent.

The Artists' Benevolent Fund has fixed on this day fortnight for its anniversary; and the friends of this valuable institution will, as usual, rally round the chair on the occasion.

Mr. Wilkie's Annual Supplement to the Tithe Computation Tables has just reached us, and appears to become every year more and more useful and valuable. No clergyman, or landlord, or farmer, ought to be without it.

Caricatures.—A batch of four new HB's enliven the politics of the hour. Peel "Cutting the Gordian Knot," to allow the clogged wheels of national energies full play, is a good Roman picture; but "A Bitter Draught" is far more amusing. John Bull, a sick boy, is having the income-tax administered to him as physic by Peel and Wellington, doctor and nurse: it is highly ludicrous. An "Extraordinary Case of Night-Mare" is another very laughable piece; in which Peel as an imp, oppressing the sleeping Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer (Baring), shews him such a vision of foreign asses as makes him snort again. The last is "A Knock-down Blow," Lord John floored in the Commons by a volume of Hansard, dexterously thrown at his head by the Premier.

Photography.—We have recently seen a beautiful daguerreotype, by Claudet, of Her Majesty's favourite horse, "Snowdrop." The likeness is most perfect. A glance will convey the knowledge that "Snowdrop" is a dapple-grey, and a horse of fine form. Saddled and bridled, and martingaled, held by a groom, he is taken as ready for his august rider.

Mr. James Theakstone, the sculptor, died at Pimlico last week; and

Mr. Sams, so well known in theatrical circles, was accidentally killed by a disaster to his carriage, which he was driving from town, on Saturday evening, to his residence at East Sheen. He lingered till Tuesday.

Caulking Cement.—During the week the invention of Mr. Jeffrey, a substitute for oakum and pitch; or for glue, has been tested at Woolwich. Its adhesive powers applied to join pieces of African teak resisted a strain of twenty-one tons; the chain, 1½-inch thick, breaking, but the seam not giving in the slightest degree. Four pieces of hard wood cemented together, weighing 4½ cwt., were thrown down on the granite-wharf wall from a height of 76 feet,

without the smallest disturbance to the joints. A target made of oak and fir to represent eight feet square of a ship's side, held together by the composition alone, was fired at with heavy metal; the wood was torn to pieces, but the cement held firmly. And a shell, exploded in the centre of the target, splintered and shivered the timbers, but failed to separate the composition. The foregoing are severe tests, and the resistance to the direct pull must be very considerable; but the trial will be the constant strain, varying ever with the rolling, pitching, and tremulous motion of a ship at sea. But whether or not it will maintain its character here, it is still a valuable invention. It is said that the new material will expand like India-rubber in warm, and will not become brittle in cold, climates.

The "Oxmantown" Telescope.—The successful experiments on speculum metal, conducted by Lord Oxmantown, now Earl of Rosse, and his intention to construct a gigantic telescope to exceed the famed powers of the great Herschel reflector, will not have passed from the memory of our readers. The Dublin correspondent of the *Morning Post* states, that on the 13th inst. the speculum was cast at the Castle, Parsonstown, in the presence of a number of scientific men from all parts of the kingdom. Its dimensions are—diameter 6 feet, thickness 5 feet, and weight 3 tons; the proportions of the mixed metals, 126 parts of copper to 58 of tin. Three crucibles, holding each a ton of metal, were employed. It was cast in a few seconds; and after a short time allowed for settling, was conveyed by machinery into a heated air-tight oven, where it is to remain for two months. Ordinary speculum metal is composed of about 2 parts of copper to 1 of tin; sometimes a little arsenic and silver to improve its whiteness and brightness; and it is very brittle. Lord Rosse's metal has more of tin, and possibly would be much more brittle if not subjected to the annealing process.

Portuguese Periodical Literature.—A friendly offer from Lisbon to interchange intelligence with the *Literary Gazette*, has directed our attention to the existing condition of periodical literature in Portugal, which certainly seems to us to be at a very low ebb. The *Revista Universal*, notwithstanding its broad title, gives us little besides extracts borrowed from the French papers, receipts for curing the tooth-ache or ear-ache, and other matters of similar non-importance. We could, in short, find nothing to translate into our page from the "*Universal Review*;" or, *Judicial, Artistic, Scientific, Literary, Agricultural, Commercial, Economical Chronicle of the whole World*." In reits, it costs, however, only about threehalfpence per No.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.—The Marquess of Londonderry is preparing for publication, with illustrations, his "Journal of a Tour to Constantinople," by the Danube, in 1840-1; and a "Tour in the South of Spain in 1839," to which is annexed his Lordship's Correspondence with Prince Metternich, Lord Ponsonby, Lord Palmerston, &c.

A Translation of Dr. Möhler's Symbolism; or, Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants, as evidenced by their Symbolical Writings, by J. B. Robertson.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Useful Knowledge; or, a Familiar Account of the various Productions of Nature, by the Rev. W. Bingley, 6th edit., revised by D. Cooper, 2 vols. 12mo, 16s.—Dr. Hook's Church Dictionary, new edit. 12mo, 7s.—Dugald Stewart's Philosophy of the Human Mind, new edition, 1 vol. 8vo, 3s.—Dictionary of Latin Synonyms, by L. Ramshorn, from the German of F. Lieber, post 8vo, 7s.—Carpenter's Dictionary of English Synonyms, new edition, 18mo, 2s. 6d.—Huiah's Natural History and Management of Bees, 12mo, 10s. 6d.—On the Growth of Plants in closely Glazed Cases, by N. B. Ward, 8vo, 5s.—English and Oordoo Dictionary, by J. T. Thompson,

12mo, 7s.—Descriptive Account of Assam, by W. Robinson, 8vo, 24s.—Truth on both Sides; or, Can the Believer finally Fall? by the Rev. Stafford Brown, fcp. 5s.—Rev. H. Atkin's Theological Lectures (2 vols.), Vol. I. 12mo, 7s.—M. le Page's French Speaker, 12mo, 6s. 6d.—The Mother's Help towards Instructing her Children, by the Rev. John James, 12mo, 8s. 6d.—Sacred Music, selected from the Compositions of Old Composers, 4to, 12s.—The Bishop's Daughter, by the Author of "Life-Book of a Labourer," fcp. 7s.—Practical Treatise on the Laws, Customs, &c. of the Port of London, by A. Pulling, 8vo, 16s.—Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology, by J. F. W. Johnston, 12mo, 5s.—Discourses, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, illustrated by J. Bunnet, 4to, 2l. 2s.—The School, the Field, and the Fireside, 3 vols. 18mo, each 2s. 6d.—The Appropriate Character of Church Architecture, by the Rev. G. A. Poole, 12mo, 3s.—Sequel to Little Henry and his Bear, by Mrs. Sherwood, 18mo, 2s. 6d.—The Juvenile Miscellany of Amusement and Instruction, fcp. 6s.—History of the Woollen and Worsted Manufactures, by J. Bischoff, 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.—The Young Scholar's Manual of Elementary Arithmetic, by T. Carpenter, 12mo, 1s. 6d.—Homilies for the Times; or, Rome and her new Allies, by the Rev. J. Morison, D.D., post 8vo, 8s.—Chronicles of England: a Metrical History, by G. Raymond, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Mansell and Ewanson on the Diseases of Children, 4th edit. 8vo, 12s. 6d.—Greece Revisited, and Sketches in Lower Egypt, in 1840, by Edgar Garstin, 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.—Heraldry of Fish; Notices of the principal Families bearing Fish in their Arms, by T. Moule, 8vo, 21s.—royal 8vo, 42s.—Narrative of the Second Campaign in China, by K. S. Mackenzie, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—On the History and Law of Entails in Scotland, by E. D. Sandford, 8vo, 18s.—Joseph Rushbrook; or, the Poacher, by Captain Marryat, 2d edition, 3 vols., post 8vo, 21s.—Chambers's Educational Course; English Grammar and Composition, Part I., 1s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1842.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Sunday 3	From 29 to 44	29.70 to 29.92
Monday 4	34 46	29.97 . . . 30.01
Tuesday 5	22 45	30.24 . . . 30.20
Wednesday . . . 6	22 50	30.09 . . . 29.92
Thursday 7	32 52	29.76 . . . 29.83
Friday 8	31 51	29.94 . . . 30.11
Saturday 9	34 48	30.19 . . . 30.20
Sunday 10	28 51	30.26 . . . 30.19
Monday 11	35 47	30.15 . . . 30.11
Tuesday 12	29 44	30.07 . . . 30.01
Wednesday . . . 13	28 45	29.97 . . . 29.93

Winds north and north-east. On the 3d, generally clear, a heavy shower of hail about 7h. 30m. p.m.; the 4th, evening clear, otherwise cloudy; the 5th and 6th, clear; the 7th, morning overcast, noon clear, evening cloudy; the 8th, morning cloudy, otherwise clear; the 9th, clear; the 10th, a general overcast; the 11th, generally clear, a shower of rain about noon; the 12th, cloudy, a little hail fell about 11h. 30m. a.m.; the 13th, overcast, rain in the morning and evening, hail fell about 5h. 30m. p.m. Rain fallen one inch and eleven-hundredths of an inch, from the 17th ult. to the 13th inst.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 14	From 29 to 46	29.90 to 30.01
Friday 15	34 47	30.02 . . . 30.04
Saturday . . . 16	30 48	30.07 . . . 30.11
Sunday 17	32 47	30.14 . . . 30.11
Monday 18	36 47	30.13 . . . 30.14
Tuesday 19	35 52	30.13 . . . 30.11
Wednesday . . . 20	27 55	30.09 . . . 30.11

Wind north-east. On the 14th, cloudy, sunshine at times; the 15th, evening clear, otherwise cloudy; the 16th, generally clear; the 17th, and following day, overcast, a little rain fell on the evening of the 17th; the 19th, morning cloudy, otherwise clear; the 20th, clear. Rain fallen, 12th of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

••• COPYRIGHT.—We have, in reference to the letter of Britannicus, page 279, much pleasure in stating that, thanks to the energetic official labours of Mr. Galstone, even single copies of foreign reprints, to pass in travellers' luggage, must now be old and used. Cutting of leaves, or writing names on the outside, will no longer do; and hundreds of copies, so endeavoured to be introduced, have already been stopped. This must, we think, forward the treaties for fair and honest international protection and intercourse; for no country can be blind to the evils of a traffic that can exist by smuggling alone. We have reason to believe that we owe much to that very popular author, Mr. G. P. R. James, for his long-continued and strenuous exertions in this cause.—*Ed. L. G.*

••• We acknowledge with thankfulness the receipt of 3l. from Messrs. Longman & Co., and of 1l. from Mr. W. A. Scripps, to convey to Mr. Pyne in alleviation of his very deep distress, which indeed we could but faintly describe in our notice of last Saturday.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.—It is particularly requested that all Communications, Foreign Journals, and Books, intended for the Editor of the "Foreign Quarterly Review," may in future be sent direct to the Publishers, Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, 186 Strand.

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